THE LIVING AGE

NUMBER 4032

OCTOBER 15, 1921

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

CHINA AND THE CONFERENCE

PRESIDENT HSU SHIH-CHANG has issued a public statement, 'welcoming without the least reserve the Conference called by President Harding.' Naturally he expresses himself with conventional diplomatic vagueness as to the concrete problems likely to come before the Conference. However, there are indications that Chinese leaders are feverishly active in preparing for the forthcoming event. According to the *Weekly Review of the Far East*, party prejudices are being forgotten, and hitherto uncompromising opponents are coöperating cordially, in order that their country may present a united front at Washington. An attempt is being made to organize a People's Convention, to be held at Shanghai, to adopt resolutions to be presented there. It is also proposed to assemble delegates from provincial assemblies, agricultural associations, chambers of commerce, educational societies, and all organized representatives of the Chinese people at Peking, to draft China's programme for the Conference. The Foreign Office has appointed a special commission for the same task. Several newspapers have been founded with the sole aim of discussing China's relationship with the Pacific Conference, and the problems it will debate and decide. Prizes have been offered for essays discussing such questions as the following: (1) What should the people of China expect from the Pacific Conference? (2) What should be their attitude in case Chinese popular views are disregarded by the Conference? (3) Possible outcomes of the Conference. (4) Organization of the Chinese delegation for the Conference. The Minister of Finance is endeavoring to raise funds to send a delegation of fifty experts to Washington.

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AMERICAN LEGIONARIES IN FRANCE

FRENCH papers gave much attention to the recent visit of the American Legion delegates to France. However, the handling of the excursion by its French hosts provoked some local criticism. The Paris correspondent of *Journal de Genève* refers to the visitors as 'a group of American martyrs,' and says it will be a miracle if they survive 'the tortures to which they were subjected.'

Hardly were they off the steamer, when they were herded into a special train and whisked away for an eight days' tour, including Blois, Pau, Tarbes, — the birthplace of Marshal Foch, — Lyon, Strassburg, Metz, Fleury, Reims, Château-Thierry — and I have omitted some of them.

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If the visitors had been allowed quietly to admire the beauty of the scenery, during the two or three hours' stop at each point, or to meditate upon the sites consecrated by the blood of America and France, this Cook's Tour to the third degree might have been endured. But wherever they stopped, they were forced to listen to endless speeches, all of which had to be translated.

A French journalist, who accompanied the visitors on part of their trip, writes:—

During the intense heat of the past week these tireless American veterans have listened, on an average, to from three to six hours of speaking daily. . . . We hardly know which to admire the most — their irresistible dash and determination in battle, or the kindly and patient endurance with which they have breasted this flood of peace eloquence.

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SELF-DETERMINATION *IN MINIMIS*

NORMAN ANGELL writes in the *Daily News* that, if we are to deal successfully with our present menacing difficulties, — naval rivalries, prospective wars, military imperialism, economic chaos, and revolutionary labor movements, — we must henceforth surrender ideas based on 'complete independence.' He insists that since the war 'independence has run riot.'

What have we done in this generation to set up an alternative ideal to absolute nationalism? If risks are to be taken on behalf of right, then obviously the powerful are in a better position to take them than the weak. But 'weak' and 'strong' are relative terms. There is not a small nationality in the world which, though ready to perish rather than surrender any jot of 'self-determination,' is not, in the midst of its heroics, demanding that some inconvenient minority surrender its self-determination. From Finland to Azerbaijan — or the Moplahs — the readiness to die for the right of self-determination is present, in the same people, with an equal readiness to kill somebody else if they do not surrender their right to self-determination. *If every Britain has its Ireland, every Ireland has its Ulster.*

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FRENCH PUBLIC SCHOOLS

L'Œuvre deplores the decline of scholarship in the public schools of France, in terms which sound very homelike to an American. Pupils are burdened with so many subjects and are so superficially instructed in each, that they leave the common schools ignorant, without even the ordinary qualifications for intelligent citizenship. A Sarbonne professor compares the decline of scholarship during the past ten years, among young men examined for admission to higher institutions of learning, with the drying up of a river during a drought.

In French they are utterly hopeless. I need cite only a few examples. They do not know how to construct sentences, to punctuate, to express their thoughts. Errors in syntax and orthography are beyond counting. There will be hardly a sentence without fifteen or eighteen errors. Young people, sixteen years old, write: *on l'a fait crié, on la faite chanté.* Those are ordinary errors. Among others equally frequent are such spellings as: *consciant, audieux, j'usqu'alors, ambuches.* The ignorance of French literature is fathomless. Not one in ten can describe a French verse. We get such answers as: 'Lamartine did not like Molière, who, for his part, cordially returned this aversion.' A teacher informs us that if the examiners marked papers as they used to, deducting a certain number of points for mistakes in spelling, history, etc., every one of the papers would fall below zero.

It is almost worse in the case of Latin. A rather easy passage from Justin set for translation contained this expression: *cum cane in cavea clausum* — 'shut up in a cage with a dog.' Practically every pupil translated the passage wrong. For example: 'like a dog locked up in a nest'; 'in a cage guarded by a dog.' The expression: *per immensas arenarum moles* — 'through great heaps of sand' — was translated, 'zig-zag

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through great sand-houses.' Pupils gave the Acropolis as the home of the Greek gods, and described the Acropolis as 'a term for the seven hills of Rome taken together.'

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MORE TSARIST DISCLOSURES

A BERLIN review devoted to Eastern questions — *Nachrichtenblatt über Ostfragen* — has published an article describing Entente diplomacy in Russia on the eve of the Revolution, containing some rather sensational documents from the Russian archives.

On the 19th of March the King of England sent a telegram to the Tsar, worded as follows: —

'The events of the past week have shaken me terribly. I think constantly of you, and am as ever your most loyal friend.'

This telegram was never communicated to the Tsar, at the suggestion of Milyukov.

A few days later the British Ambassador formally offered the Russian government to give the Tsar and his family asylum in Great Britain. The Tsar welcomed the suggestion. However, Kerensky and Milyukov opposed this plan, and gave assurances that the Tsar and his family would be protected.

The King of Spain also telegraphed, expressing his concern for the Tsar's safety, and informing the Russian government that certain suggestions would be submitted through the Spanish Ambassador.

This account has been declared inaccurate, however, by Mr. Milyukov, who states that the British offer of asylum to the Tsar was not spontaneous on the part of that government, but in reply to a proposal put forward by the provisional government of Russia, which was later defeated by pressure from the Soviet of Workers' Delegates. Kerensky denies that an official offer was ever received by him as Premier from the Spanish government.

Meanwhile, *L'Humanité* prints a summary of a memorandum submitted to the Tsar by Pokrovski, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, under date of February 21, 1917, on the very eve of the revolution, which exhibits the same antagonism to the Allies and their policy that was shown in the Durnovo memorandum published in the *Living Age* of June 11 and 18, 1921. In this memorandum the Tsar's Foreign Minister recommended an independent expedition to seize the Dardanelles, which should consist of a land force of a quarter of a million men with naval support. He considered that in the event of an Allied victory, France and England would leave Russia in the lurch and would soon develop lukewarmness, if not actually hostility, toward Russia's occupation of Constantinople.

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IN THE RESTLESS ORIENT

JAPANESE reformers and welfare-workers have long protested against the conditions under which women and children are recruited in the rural districts of their country to work under contract — and, in some instances, practically subject to physical restraint — in cotton mills and other factories. A literature has grown up around this subject. Another phase of indentured labor in Japan has recently been aired by K. Nayama, in *Chugai*. Laborers are induced by employment agencies situated in the large population centres of Japan, and in many of the smaller villages, to sign contracts to work in the Hokkaido mines and Sakhalin. The mines are in the northern island, where the climate is much more severe than in Japan itself. As in case of most similar engagements, where ignorant laborers are involved, misrepresentation is sys-

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tematically employed as an agency of persuasion. Forming parties at Tokyo or elsewhere, the recruited men are conducted under armed guard to the place of employment, which is two or three days' journey distant. There they are confined in locked quarters, and are constantly under guard during the period of their contract. They are forced to work twelve hours a day, with three intervals of fifteen minutes each for rest. Their food, according to this article, is monotonous and often inadequate. If they run away, they are brought back by force. A standing reward is offered for their capture. Recalcitrant laborers are usually 'placed under a high cliff, which is blown up, so as to create the pretext that they died during their work.' This is called in the vernacular of the business 'execution by dynamite.'

Such contract laborers are sold to employers by agencies at prices varying from 30 *yen* ($15) to 90 *yen* ($45), and in exceptional instances, where the cost of transportation is high, 120 *yen* ($60). The men are paid from 35 *sen* (17½ cents) to 120 *sen* (60 cents) a day, in pay-tickets, which are accepted at currency only at company stores. The terms of service happily are very short — from three to four months in Hokkaido, and six months in Sakhalin.

An interesting feature of the labor movement — and even of the revolutionary labor movement — in Japan is the extent to which it is led by Christian Japanese, or, at least, by Japanese with a Christian ideology.

Benjamin Suzuki the organizer and president of the principal labor organization in that country, was closely associated with the Reverend H. Clay Macauley, for thirty years at the head of American Unitarian work there. The recent strike in the Kobe shipyards was led by Kagawa, who is a graduate of a theological school at Princeton, and a man decidedly of the evangelical type. He has written a number of religious books in Japanese, in a pietist-sociological vein. One is entitled *The Psycholgy of the Poor;* another, *Spiritual Life and the Social Movement;* a third, *The Adoration of the Workers.* His latest work is *Principles of an Idealist Economy.* Kagawa has labored as a missionary and social worker among the poorest of the poor in Kobe, making his home in the midst of one of the city's worst slums.

A correspondent in *Le Temps* says: 'Kagawa is more Christian than Socialist. He has always considered poverty a social phenomenon against which it is profitless to revolt. He is hostile to the class-struggle and to violence; but he believes in the eternal duty of protest against social injustice.'

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GERMAN AIRPLANE EXPERIMENTS

Since Germany is no longer permitted to install engines in aircraft, her constructors have turned their attention to the development of airplanes that will fly without engines, and have already succeeded in soaring five miles without the use of mechanical power. These gliders possess few of the features of engine-driven planes, having no propeller, no landing wheels, nor elevating planes. They consist only of the fuselage and movable wings. Some of them land on foot-balls. The machines are launched by straining a rubber cord, apparently somewhat as a pellet is projected from a sling-shot. Once launched, they are able to rise, carrying a single passenger, and to fly by the operation of movable wings. These experiments are thought to have demonstrated already that engines of from only three to five horsepower are sufficient for long flights. Some of the smaller machines have been built by engineering students at a cost of about $150.

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BRITAIN'S CENSUS

GREAT BRITAIN is discussing its recent census with more interest than is generally exhibited toward such statistical episodes. The population of England and Wales has increased nearly two million during the past decade. The percentage growth, 4.7, is the lowest on record. Of course, this is due to the war. The preponderance of women has slightly increased for the same reason. In England and Wales women outnumber men by 1,721,000, and in Scotland by 185,000. The population of London County, including the city, has declined, while that of the more distant suburbs has increased. Greater London's total population is now, in round numbers, seven millions and a half, which is nearly equal to the population of Canada, and exceeds by 800,000 the combined population of Australia and New Zealand.

The more marked preponderance of women is deplored particularly because the deficit in men is largely among those of marriageable age.

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JAPAN NOT OVERPOPULATED

STUDENTS of Japanese colonization are well aware that the race has hitherto thrived only in a limited habitat. Possibly a Malay strain in the nation's blood makes its people preëminently lowland and coastal dwellers. A large fraction of Japan itself is uninhabited wilderness. Hokkaido, the northern island, which has rich resources, including fertile agricultural lands, is still thinly populated. These facts give point to the following comments from an authoritative Tokyo daily, *Chuo:* —

Some Europeans and Americans say that the settlement of the population question in Japan is a condition precedent to the limitation of armaments and the guaranty of peace. This plea is presumably due to the preconception that a surplus population leads to the invasion of foreign lands. Let it be remembered, however, there is no population question of that sort in this country.

It is true that the population of this country shows a healthy rate of increase, but it is wrong to think that this means a surplus population. While the population is increasing, there is a constant addition to the wealth of the country, and it would be proper to say that the population is short, rather than that it is excessive. In fact, villages are suffering from the scarcity of farm-labor.

It is absolutely untrue that Japan is suffering from an excess of population, and there is no reason why the issue of our so-called surplus population should be raised by foreigners, especially by Americans.

MINOR NOTES

D'ANNUNZIO is reported to be leading a life of leisure at a villa placed at his disposal by a wealthy admirer. It is suggested that, if Lenin visits Italy, — as rumor reports his intention, — the two fellow Bolsheviki may spend some congenial hours together. Among the bizarre appeals which have reached the former dictator of Fiume since his retirement, is one from the president of the Italian Distillers' Association, asking him to suggest an Italian term for cognac — a word that might become as distinctive of the Italian product as this word is of the French product. The poet at once suggested *arzente*, an old Italian word designating the spirit distilled from grapes, and also 'the idea of ardor.'

IN spite of the difficulty Russia is having in finding means to pay for imported goods, the quantity of products brought into the country is rapidly increasing; measured by weight, the total for the first four months of the current year almost equals the total for the whole year 1920. The use of money has been reintroduced in trans-

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actions where the government had long ceased to employ it. Everything allotted to private individuals by the state is to be paid for. House-rents have been reintroduced, the rents going to the government. This applies to houses of more than a minimum area. A family is allotted necessary lodgings, rent free, but pays rent for all additional accommodations. The Soviet banks are reported to be paying interest again on deposits. According to *Ekonomitcheskaya Zhizn*, an independent trust of the seventeen largest textile mills in Russia is being organized. It will be operated by private contractors entirely independent of control by government authorities. It will have the right to buy machinery, raw materials, and food, and to dispose of its products as the operating contractors deem fit.

A QUAINT glimpse is given into the processes by which nations become democratic by the following quotation from the *East and West News*, a Japanese news-service widely circulated in the United States: —

> While in European countries even the king and queen mix freely with the people, in Japan the members of the imperial family are kept secluded from the people, the opportunity to obtain an audience with them being invariably restricted to men of high public positions. The Crown Prince's tour through Europe has concretely shown the absurdity of such a custom, and the result will be the establishment of a more intimate and human relationship between the royal family and the people, as is already evidenced by the permission to wave handkerchiefs at Yokohama on September 3, in greeting the safe return of the future Emperor.

To this, recent Toyko dispatches add: —

> For the first time in history Japanese Royalty moved in the streets amid a thunder of cheers. The police authorities had announced that cries of 'Banzai' were not forbidden, but were not recommended. The crowd cheered as if enjoying a long-awaited liberty.

IN order to meet German and Austrian competition, Czechoslovakia iron and steel manufacturers, either directly or through subsidiary marketing organizations, are building large storehouses and opening central depots, as depositories and sales-headquarters for their products, at Essegg and Agram in Yugoslavia, Galatz in Rumania, where mining accessories and petroleum field-supplies will be handled, and at Constantinople, whence it is proposed to distribute iron and steel manufactures to Southern Russia as well as Turkey.

HUNGARY is an exception to most European powers, in having reduced its note circulation, within a few weeks, from approximately 18,000,000,000 crowns to 15,700,000,000 crowns. As a result, its exchange has recently shown an upward tendency.

ACCORDING to a report just issued by the German building trades, the housing shortage in that country begins slowly to disappear. The income tax has been amended to favor builders of small homes, and municipalities are erecting cottage suburbs for workers, some of which — to judge from illustrations in the German papers — are very attractive in arrangement and architecture.

SPAIN'S recent reverse in Morocco has naturally thrown new burdens upon the treasury. By two recent royal decrees, supplementary appropriations amounting to nearly 120,000,000 pesetas, or $24,000,000 at par exchange, have recently been made to the army and navy, with the increased demands of the Morocco campaign expressly in view.

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IN THE BREAKERS OF REVOLUTION

[A lady who remained in the Swiss Consulate at Theodosia, one of the most beautiful cities in the Crimea, during the four months following its capture from Denikin by the Bolsheviki in 1919, kept a diary of her experience, which happily escaped the fate of many such records, and from which the following entries are taken.]

From *Journal des Débats, August* 28
(Paris Conservative Daily)

April 18. — Families are leaving. All Russian steamers fly French colors. They have left port packed with refugees, fleeing to Batoum, Constantinople, and elsewhere. Every Turkish felucca in port has been stormed by those bourgeoisie who lack pull enough to be taken on government boats. They pay as high as 200,000 rubles for passage as far as Kertch. The Volunteers are acting as badly as the Germans did when they left. They pillage, murder, burn, and ravage everywhere. The neighboring villages are in flames. The town is in utter panic. Shops are closed, and disbanded troops are pouring in, plundering not only stores, but also private dwellings. They force their entrance, revolver in hand. All the warehouses along the wharves have been broken into and emptied of their contents by soldiers and the rabble from the suburbs.

April 20, *Easter*. — It is rumored that the Bolsheviki will arrive to-night. We may expect them, for the route is open. This morning the whole B—— family, of five persons, was found murdered. The murderers, after torturing and mutilating their victims, set fire to the house to cover up their crime. The corpses were taken to the morgue, where throngs of people, including myself, went to see them. It is horrible. It surpasses anything I had conceived of barbarism. The criminals are known; but they cannot be arrested because we have no government or police. We have to depend entirely on ourselves.

Reports come in from all neighboring towns of horrible atrocities committed by Denikin's men. About three P.M. peasants from the burning villages came to the consulate, saying that unless we looked out, the fire would spread to the city. Most of the little hamlets round about are in ashes. The whole horizon is as red as blood.

The streets are thronged. There is not a vessel in port. Nor is there a single Volunteer soldier left. Drunken workingmen are marching through the streets, singing Bolshevist songs, and wild with joy at finally being masters. But after all, there is something artificial about their merrymaking. In general, the town is gloomy. Everything seems dead.

April 21. — At five o'clock this morning, I was awakened by the noise of an auto. The Bolsheviki have come. They stopped before the town hall, a dozen of them, all standing up, shouting, laughing, and distributing proclamations. Gradually a crowd gathered. I could hear indistinctly people speaking and then hurrahs. Toward eight o'clock an English airplane flew over Theodosia, and the Bolsheviki fired at it. The aviator replied with a machine-gun and withdrew. We expect the regular Bolshevist army every moment. The city organizations are preparing to march out to meet it. A few cavalry have al-

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ready reached the city. They began immediately to search for Volunteer officers, whom they intend to arrest as spies. At one o'clock the airplane again appeared, and fire was opened upon it from every direction, especially from the cemetery. It is amusing to see these fools fire at an airplane with rifles; but none the less, it makes a great commotion.

About eight P.M. an automobile stopped in front of our house. Kotoff, Commander-in-Chief on the Crimean front, Novikoff, the President of the Theodosia Soviet, and the latter's brother, rang at the porte-cochère, which I had ordered locked as a matter of prudence, as I was the only member of the family at home. Ivan opened the door. They came up the steps calling, 'Where is W. E.?' I received them in the vestibule. All three looked veritable apaches, men you would not want to meet on a dark night. They came into the reception-room and installed themselves comfortably in our easy-chairs. Kotoff was the first to speak. Addressing me, he demanded with a savage air: 'Why are the Allies firing on us? The commander of the English torpedo boat sent us word this morning that they would not fire and we could take possession of the town.'

I replied that presumably the Allies had fired upon them because their soldiers had started the thing by firing on an Allied airplane.

Then they wanted to know why M. S. had left, and the whole story of the B—— family, and why I alone had remained. Also, how many strangers had stayed in Theodosia, and what officials had left. I answered evasively, pretending not to know anything. They left some fifteen minutes later, very discontented, letting me know that they had their suspicions of me, and that I would be watched.

At present, I am absolutely alone. During the course of the day, there have been several funerals of Red soldiers, who were killed during the attack on Theodosia.

April 23. — At five o'clock a heavy cannonade began. The fleet bombarded the Red positions for fifty-five minutes. It was horrible. The ground trembled and it seemed as if the houses would fall in. This afternoon thirty-four Red soldiers were buried. They are said to have been killed by Allied shells. At seven P.M. the bombardment was resumed, and lasted for an hour and three quarters.

Since there is no petroleum to be had, we are obliged to retire at sunset. However, I cannot sleep, and have been up practically all night. It is interesting to watch the ships firing. Besides, I am uneasy here, all alone with the servants, who are Bolsheviki.

I am under suspicion and closely watched. Yesterday I noticed that a soldier followed me when I went to the cemetery.

April 26. — Everything was quiet from two to five A.M., but there has been a steady bombardment all day long. I enjoyed listening to it. It seems as if I am less alone when I hear it. To-day K——'s apartment has been requisitioned. It has been taken by Communists. Fine neighbors! If they will only leave me alone, and not invade our apartment. At seven P.M. five armed Communists knocked furiously at the door. I keep in retirement as much as possible, but do not want to exhibit fear. One asked me what right I had to lock the porte-cochère and the door to our private stairway. He said: 'Doors must be left unlocked.' Most reluctantly I was forced to hand over my key. During the night people were constantly moving about in the building. It is fearful. The people looked like real bandits. It seems that the central headquarters of the Communists are to be here.

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April 27. — They have requisitioned the apartment of M. S. The bombardment has continued without cessation all day. The Red losses since the day before yesterday are said to number more than 3000. This morning, while I was at the cemetery, shells struck near the vodka distillery and along the road beyond. There was a general panic. The people in the market fled, leaving their goods and merchandise behind. I took to my heels with the others. The noise was frightful. I saw the Reds taking to cover in a panic. It is reported that they even contemplate abandoning the city.

April 29. — The bombardment lasted from five to six A.M. All the speculators, who had set up their headquarters in the *Café Fontaine Avasovsky*, have been arrested. The new authorities are sending around from house to house, compelling all the men they find to dig a great grave in the centre of the principal square, where the 'victims of the Cadet army' are to be buried. Members of the bourgeoisie who do not wish to perform this work personally can hire substitutes for fifty rubles. It was laughable to see them at work. They shoveled dirt upon the spectators. They wrapped their hands in handkerchiefs, not being accustomed to heavy labor. Soldiers stood guard over them, and abused them whenever they stopped to rest.

April 30. — We had a steady bombardment to-day from five to eleven A.M. The window of my room swung open from the impact of the air. The books on my book-shelves danced about, and the chandelier swung back and forth like a pendulum. The whole building trembled. Several of the poorer huts have been shaken down.

May 4. — A quiet day. Suddenly I saw a dense crowd pass beneath the window, preceded by some forty persons surrounded by soldiers with fixed bayonets. They have arrested the Tax Commission, because the Bolsheviki say it has not been strict enough in collecting taxes from the bourgeoisie. They were taking these unhappy men to the 'Astoria.' Our new masters have begun to arrest people on the public streets, and even in their homes. There are many sad scenes. The Reds are hunting for Tsar money. They take whatever they want from our houses — silver, china, linen, and all that. We fancy this means their speedy withdrawal.

May 5. — This morning, when I went out, I saw them put up posters. 'Mobilization of all bourgeoisie for obligatory labor. They must present themselves at Headquarters at seven o'clock Soviet time (five o'clock sun time) provided with a pick and shovel. Those who fail to obey this order will be arrested and handed over to the Council of War.'

Poor old Dr. G. was arrested last evening. He has just been set free. I met him as he was leaving Headquarters. Apparently he could see nothing, and understood nothing. He was entirely beside himself. He tells me he was obliged to sweep the halls and stairways and had had nothing to eat. Several other friends have been arrested. Everybody is excited because the people arrested yesterday have mostly been sent to the battle-front. That happened to all the members of the Tax Committee. M. K. fainted of fatigue on the way. They beat him to make him go on, but in vain. That evening he returned seriously ill. Others came back later much exhausted and depressed. Some, however, have been forced to go on under the shell-fire of the Allies.

At seven P.M. a torpedo boat fired seven shells. The whole earth shook. Our poor bourgeois friends were in the most exposed position. There were fearful scenes in front of the Bolshevist headquarters. The president of the

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Soviet told the wives who were clamoring to have their husbands back, 'If you fear for the safety of your husbands, tell your friends, the Allies, to stop firing. If your men are killed, it will not be by us.'

May 6. — Still no news of the bourgeoisie sent to the front. The president of the Communists assured me that they are not in danger. Then he remarked inadvertently: 'Don't disturb yourself. Your people have been "put wise." They know where we've got 'em.' Finally, about five P.M., the news spread that three of these unhappy men had returned. You ought to have seen the poor women hurrying to the homes of these men to get news of their own husbands, brothers, and fathers. It was pitiful. The unhappy men who came back said that they had been in a very dangerous position at first, especially on the road out, and at a point where they were required to work. They were in the full glare of the searchlights of the battleships and of the star-shells dropped from airplanes. But the next day, they were sent to a somewhat safer position.

Their only food was a quarter of a pound of bread a day, and a can of preserved peppers for each two persons. However, as soon as they were allowed off duty, they foraged around in the deserted villages and got some chickens, which they cooked to the best of their ability. It would have gone hard with them if the Bolsheviki had caught them at it. All three are in bed ill, for it has been raining constantly — and still is raining — and is very cold — only about forty-five degrees above zero Fahrenheit. So a night lodging in the open air on the steppes is no light hardship. To add to their misery, the Reds have taken away all their warm clothing to give to their own soldiers, saying that those who sacrifice themselves for the country must be served first.

May 7. — Last night the Communists shot the entire O—— family of six persons. They were accused of having communicated with the enemy. The president of the Communists, to whom I expressed my indignation, replied: 'That's nothing. They shoot more than a dozen every night. It depends on how the chief of the Soviet feels.' Those who are sentenced to be shot are taken to one side of the camp in an auto, and put out of the way without attracting notice.

May 9. — Posters are being put up: 'If three million rubles are not paid by five P.M. to-morrow, other members of the bourgeoisie will be arrested and sent to the front. In case the man of the family is not found at home when the officers call, the women of the family will be arrested and condemned to forced labor.'

People are in despair. Those who remained in the city are people who did not have money to get away. When they explained this to the Soviet, they received the answer: 'Why did you let the rich folks go? You ought to have kept them here, and then we would have left you poorer people undisturbed. Besides, those who fled are paying their tax in another way. We're confiscating all their furniture, linen, and silver.'

That's true. Scarcely had the Bolsheviki arrived when they stripped every home belonging to people who had fled. The finer furniture was sent north. Common stuff was taken to the city theatre, in order that all the 'population' might share it equally. I went to see the sight. The theatre looked like a huge antique shop. It was laughable to see the *moujiks* sitting around on silk- and velvet-upholstered chairs, their muddy boots soiling the beautiful rugs, while they ate sunflower seed and spat on the floor as they would in their cabins at home.

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May 12. — Bolsheviki have come to look at my apartment, but I would not let them in. I told them that they had not the right to make requisitions here, for several reasons. It was a foreign consulate, a Swiss Consulate, and consequently neutral; that the Consul had left me no money to spend for any purpose. They replied sarcastically: 'Well, then, we'll come and take your pictures and furniture. You had better not make any opposition either. To-day there is something above the law — force.'

May 13. — At 8 P.M. they began to arrest all the members of the bourgeoisie they could lay hands on, searching houses and stores for them. Altogether some 400 have been taken. They marched past, surrounded by soldiers, to the Bolshevist headquarters. Their relatives are not permitted to take them food.

Beginning to-day, we are allowed only a pound of bread a person every two days. We must stand in a queues for four or five hours to get that much.

May 15. — At five P.M. several Reds came to the house and insisted on seeing the apartment, telling me that I must vacate it and leave everything untouched. Furniture had been nationalized. I had to go to their chief official, an Armenian. He naturally refused to see me. I had been there too often before. Then I went to the Catholic priest, who gave me a note in Armenian to the president, who at last received me in a surly way. Eventually, however, he issued an order forbidding anyone to interfere with our apartment.

Squads of men are going about requisitioning all the flour in private houses. I gave a large share of mine to various neighbors, keeping only a small quantity which I have hidden under my bed.

May 16. — Sasha, our old cook, has created a great scandal. She went to the Servants' Committee and lodged a complaint against me. I was called to the telephone and ordered to present myself at once before the Committee. I promptly refused, saying I was a foreigner and not subject to the laws of the country, and that this servant had not been in my service since April 5, 1919. I sent a man in my place to avoid trouble. He came back at once saying I could compel the woman to leave the house by giving her three months' pay in advance, or ninety rubles. I was very happy to get out of the difficulty that way.

May 17. — They have begun to clean out the city. You see everywhere cars loaded with furniture, rugs, and trunks. They have completely stripped K's apartment, which is just above ours. They started with the pantry, which was stored full of food. Citizens in tall hats, mostly Jews, began by carrying off the copper cooking utensils and part of the food. They made a horrible racket. They fought over their spoils: who was to have the bags of sugar, who the bags of flour. They are carrying the beds out to their wagons without troubling to take them down. They are taking away the wardrobes with the clothing hanging in them. They found the boxes of silver which the K's had buried in the garden. The place was betrayed by Sasha.

May 18. — Some of the bourgeoisie who were sent to the front are coming back clothed literally in rags. No sooner had they reached the place to which they were ordered than the Bolsheviki stripped them of all their warm clothing and their shoes, sometimes giving them a few vermin-infested rags in their place, in other cases leaving them naked. Happily some good peasants in the neighboring village took pity on them and gave them enough to cover their nakedness. They report utmost demoralization along the front. The soldiers think of nothing but getting

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drunk. They refuse to obey orders and even to bury the dead.

May 20. — A horrible night. About two o'clock this morning, several cars and wagons drove into the yard, to the accompaniment of horrible shouting and cursing. They were Makhno's Anarchists, who had just arrived. At first they insisted on taking up their quarters in the apartments occupied by the Communists. Finally they reached some agreement. At nine o'clock we witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. The Makhnos and anarchists marched through the streets, headed by a band, and taking possession of the boulevard just beneath my windows, held there a concert and a dance. It goes without saying that these dances are only for the proletariat.

The Bolsheviki have sent our wharf-laborers and other port-workers to the zone behind the fighting front, and make it an excuse for doubling taxes. They say that they need the money to pay these laborers for doing work which the bourgeoisie have proved incompetent to do. The workingmen demanded a pound and a half of bread a day for their families before they left. This was promised them. Posters have been put up informing the bourgeoisie that no bread will be issued them hereafter, because the reserves are exhausted and there is only enough left for those who are capable of defending the fatherland.

Every day several wagon-loads of bread are sent to the front. A great crowd of children gathers before the bakeries while the bread is being loaded, hoping to pick up any loaves or scraps that fall. There you have an example of the good hearts of our Russian peasants. The children seldom leave disappointed.

We were greatly surprised this evening to see all the laborers coming back. Several of their party had been killed and others wounded by airplane bombs on their way out. So they promptly returned.

May 23. — There is great agitation everywhere. All the women, young and old, have been arrested and conducted to the Astoria, where they have been forced to sweep and scrub the rooms occupied by the 'Communist gentlemen.' Others were sent to the barracks, to wash and iron the dirty clothing and linen there, and to clean the musical instruments.

May 25. — The priest of Cemetery Church was arrested. He was accused of anti-Bolshevist propaganda. His life was in danger. However, the women of the town mobbed the Soviet. They forced their way in fearlessly, and raised so much disorder and clamor that the Reds threatened to turn machine-guns on them. However, they would listen to nothing and declared that they would not leave until their priest was liberated. Let the Reds fire if they wanted to. Men came in from the suburbs and backed them up. Finally the Reds had to yield. It is a striking example of the authority of the Russian priests. Certainly it was a touching sight to watch the women leading their pastor back to the church in triumph, singing religious songs.

Soldiers have begun to stop people on the street and compel them to give them their shoes and their overcoats. It's a rather amusing sight for us people in the house to see them make a man sit down on the sidewalk, take off his shoes, give them to a waiting soldier, and go on his way in his stocking feet. There is no use resisting, because these men are armed, and do not hesitate to use their weapons.

May 30. — The Reds and the Blacks, or Makhno men, are hurrying hither and thither in all directions in great excitement. Matters are not running smoothly between the two parties.

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Several armored automobiles have just passed the house. They come from the north and are on their way to the front.

A detachment of Makhnos has taken some thirty members of the bourgeoisie in the direction of the market. They have a machine-gun. We were greatly worried at first. We soon learned, however, that the members of the bourgeoisie were being taken to clear out the storage cellars of the neighboring vineyards. A few hours later I took a walk. Wine was actually running in the gutters. Most of the young town-people were so intoxicated that they could not move. They were lying asleep on the sidewalks. The best wine, however, was kept and sent away in captured Red Cross automobiles.

June 3. — There are a great many Blacks — Makhnos — in the city. They are abroad all night, and several robberies have been committed. They keep on taking shoes from individuals on the streets. But the latter have become cautious and people seldom go abroad now except in their stocking feet. However, these sharp individuals have just had an unpleasant surprise. As soon as they are known to be abroad, their homes are searched and they return to find not only their shoes gone, but all their garments as well. Men often wear two suits, when they go out, for fear that their apartments will be visited by the Reds while they are away.

June 8. — This afternoon the Communists mobilized all the hackmen, carters, and dockers, and sent them out in detachments on guard-duty. You ought to have heard the curses and abuse that these men heaped upon the Reds. Their hands are fairly itching to get hold of fire-arms, and then something will happen. They are making open threats. The Reds know that the workingmen are hostile to them, but dare not resent it.

June 11. — I just heard a quarrel under my windows. It was a party of Communists and a party of Makhnos. Finally they drew their guns and fired. One man was killed and two were wounded.

There was a big row down in the market. The Communists tried to arrest all the milk-women and confiscate their milk, saying it was for sick children. But these husky peasant girls resisted. They seized clubs and sticks, and defended themselves so well that the Reds were finally obliged to take to their heels, with the women in hot pursuit.

June 13. — The Reds have just arrested some 200 people without distinction of class, including workingmen. I have seen several parties of prisoners pass beneath our windows. A few hours later several were liberated after paying 300 rubles each.

A squad of executioners arrived last night. They rode through the town on horseback, clad from head to foot in red — red robes and red bonnets. They looked like devils. It caused a thrill of horror throughout the town. I have just talked with the president of the Communists, who said to me: 'The squad of executioners has been sent from Moscow to purify the Soviet of undesirable elements, which have wormed their way into our organization and are committing crimes in our name.' Most of these executioners are Lithuanians and Kurlanders. They are all that people think about now.

June 17. — A general, unmistakable *débâcle* has occurred. I can see the cavalry and the convoys of the Volunteer army, advancing rapidly in the direction of the city. The utmost confusion prevails. People are disputing and wrangling over who is to have a certain horse or wagon, in order to get away more speedily. All the Communists are arming, ostensibly to reënforce

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the fighters on the front; but we know that this is not their real destination.

June 18–19. — All night there was a real *sauve-qui-peut.* A few Communists, who had not been notified in time to leave with their comrades, were frightfully angry. They armed themselves and hastened off. It is raining torrents. A few Communists have just rushed in to carry off cartridges, rifles, and bombs from their old quarters in this building. They loaded them carefully in autos and rushed away, leaving the key in the door. Immediately the building was filled with smoke, and we feared they had set it on fire. I tried to enter the apartments they occupied, but the thick smoke drove me out. However, the janitor came in and said that it was only the Bolshevist papers that they had burned before they left. They abandoned everything, even their Red flags.

Finally, about half-past two in the morning, the first Volunteers reëntered the city. In a moment the whole town was *en fête.* A detachment of Cossacks stopped under our windows and asked their guide: 'What does that red flag mean?' I had Vera tell them it was the Swiss flag. They cantered off, singing and drinking bottles of cognac as they rode.

The Communists left so suddenly that they even forgot to take their overcoats. I went down to see the apartment they had occupied. Its condition is indescribable. Their only idea seems to have been to smash and mutilate whatever came into their possession. Bottles of ink were everywhere. It was laughable to see the anger of the janitor, who was hunting for wine: 'Ah, the scurvy scoundrels! They left the ink-bottles full and the wine-bottles empty!' Not a single thing of value left. Only a few old tables and chairs, which they had brought from somewhere else. The original furniture had been shipped north or sent to the theatre.

The Reds marched away laden with bundles and boxes. Their wives were carrying bundles. Their hacks and carts were loaded with everything imaginable. I even saw soldiers lugging off telephone instruments. They did not know where they were going. Every regular line of retreat was cut off. They were merely taking to the mountains and hoping to find shelter with the peasants.

At six o'clock Kuban troops arrived and marched through the principal avenue. What a change! What a sigh of relief and security rose from the whole city! The Volunteers soon captured several of the Bolshevist leaders, who had concealed themselves in the mountains. As soon as they reached Salis, the Volunteers handed each prisoner a pick and shovel and forced him to dig his grave. They made him lie down in it from time to time, to measure its depth and length. When it was considered finished, they forced him to lie down again, and a bullet through his head sent him to the world beyond, to join his victims. It seems to me this is the most terrible death they could inflict on them — to make them thus expiate their crimes, especially Iscander, who every night used to send several bourgeoisie with his own hand 'to live with God.'

Demediuk, the Bolshevist commissioner of Public Instruction, who used to be a lawyer in Petrograd, was arrested soon after the Volunteers came back, at the home of a good peasant who had concealed him without knowing who he was. The day he was arrested, I heard several shots near the gate of the cemetery. I hurried there with several other people, and recognized the former commissioner lying on the ground, his breast covered with blood. They took him at once to the morgue. The story goes that he tried to escape, and the Volunteers killed

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him. But the Volunteers have told me themselves that, when they arrest an important Bolshevik, they pretend to watch him carelessly so as to tempt him to try to escape. Then they shoot him down.

Novitsky, an old regular army colonel and the son-in-law of Mme. S——, who deserted from the Volunteer army to join the Bolsheviki, and became the head of their secret service, was also captured. When they arrested him, the Volunteers beat him up so that he had to spend several days in the hospital. Then they shipped him off to Denikin, who will deal with his case, inasmuch as he was a regular officer.

At last our troubles are over. Last night was the first night I have not passed at the window during the past two months. I always slept a few hours during the day but stood on guard all night; for fear of being taken by surprise by these brigands.

THE YOUNGER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

BY ABEL CHEVALLEY

From *La Revue de France, August* 1
(Political and Literary Fortnightly)

One cannot be too cautious in his efforts to distinguish, among the younger British writers, those who will represent the English novel in the eyes of the next generation. Critical judgments are, in this respect, not enough; for friendships, cliques, fashions, without taking account of influence, in every age play a great part in the success of youthful celebrities.

Whatever may be the authority of the great reviews and of the influential journals, their verdict is not without appeal. The judgment of the authors themselves upon their peers would be more eloquent if it were possible to ascertain it with exactness. Two elements in understanding the worth of a novelist remain. First, there is the definite fact of his success. I mean literary success, when it is demonstrated by a degree of unanimity among critics and by a genuine circulation among cultivated readers. In this category Messrs. Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie (and, to a less degree, Temple Thurston), W. B. Maxwell, and Stephen McKenna may be mentioned first. Then there is, besides, in the absence of self-evident success or unanimity among the critics, a certain consensus of opinion among authors, and, so far as the public is concerned, among the most enlightened and understanding lovers of the arts. In this second category, Messrs. J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannan, Frank Swinnerton, Oliver Onions, D. H. Lawrence, merit the attention of the French public. One ought, perhaps, to add to this list, the names of Alec Waugh, Stacy Aumonier, James Joyce, J. E. Agate; and, among the women novelists, Miss Sheila Kaye Smith, Miss Dorothy Richardson, Katherine Mansfield, Clemence Dane, Mrs. Virginia

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Woolf, Miss Romer Wilson, Miss Rose Macaulay, and Miss Rebecca West.

Doubtless one ought not expect that it should be possible to find common characteristics, or even a group of analogous traits, which permit us to distinguish them from their immediate forerunners. No more common standards, unity, or resemblance exist among them than existed among their predecessors; yet one may venture to point out certain tendencies which appear in their work.

First of all, it is evident that — after the influence of Flaubert and de Maupassant, which was exerted during all of the later years of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century — the influence of the Russian writers, and notably of Dostoyevsky, has made itself strongly felt, not only before the war, but during its course and since its close.

At that time Russia was a veritable intellectual fashion. No one could aspire to be an intellectual, or to assume the epithet 'advanced,' without a glaze of revolutionary Slavism. There were few novels of real literary pretensions between 1912 and 1918 which were not strongly marked with this Russian influence. No book was more read during this period than *The Brothers Karamazov*. A mingling of mysticism and sensuality, of violence and love, a sort of intellectual sadism, at that time permeated the slender portion of the English public that concerned itself greatly with literature.

The religious instinct of the race, which is not wanting even in its manifestations of irreligion, sometimes found itself distorted. In the art museum at Dublin (where James Stephens was then at work), I saw a picture, Christ Saying Farewell to His Mother, by Gherardt David. With bare feet on a pavement of gray, yellow, and white, with sparse hair and a long blue robe, the Saviour of mankind, as represented by this primitive Fleming, has the features of a revolutionary or of a Russian saint who is, at the same time, a miracle-worker. Convex forehead, goggle eyes, projecting cheek-bones, pursed lips, repulsive and yet attractive, elongation of the lower part of the face, a fine blond beard, eyes in which there are both dreams and follies — such is the Slavic Redeemer, a mixture of Rasputin and St. Francis, under whose doubtful inspiration, we may believe, English literature passed for a few years — though only for a few. The Christ of Epstein, who was later to draw to Himself the artistic pilgrims, is a figure of another sort of power. The sculptor has produced a treatment without grace, charm, or form, that of a man who has just passed through the shadow of death, and who emerges, austere, emaciated, but triumphant and almost disdainful, from an abyss of sorrow. He shows his great hands, pierced and bleeding; but his splendid massive head, sad but strong, lifts itself with a virile gesture, and reassumes, with life, the mastery of destiny. That is the significance which British fiction and British life seem also to be assuming — but I am anticipating.

An unconscious formlessness in literature corresponds to the period of Russian influence, between 1912 and 1916, which was a reaction from the plastic French characteristics of the age that preceded. Now the masters of French literature, whether they are great artists like Flaubert and Maupassant, tremendous and powerful writers like Zola, or exquisite masters of irony and intellectual grace like Anatole France, all bring to their work something of finish and precision. Their writing leaves an impression upon the reader which, though it is more or less powerful, more or less æsthetic, is also exact and capable of definition. As

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someone has said, they are clearer than life — which is itself not very clear. They make it simple in order to give it expression, but they do express it. There is intelligence and order, even in their depiction of what is instinctive and obscure.

The Russians do not trouble themselves about such a clarity, and many of the young English novelists imitate them. It is enough for them to follow a life through its interminably winding course, the development of one destiny or several destinies; to string along, one after another, the accidents or incidents of one or several existences, in order to do — or make believe they do — the work of novelists.

No doubt, providing there is talent or even genius in novels so conceived, nothing could keep them from being masterpieces; for the eighteenth century saw that in Lesage and Smollett, who had no other formula. No one ever rambled more and with less order than the fathers of the English novel. There is no need to construct a psychological drama in order to write a great novel, but it is not enough to string beads, never ceasing to add exploit after exploit, in order to set up a new *genre* and to establish it by marvelous achievements. That which is best in the Russian models may, perhaps, be characteristically Russian, and it is not by any means certain that the young English novelists have not taken or imitated from them their worst qualities, namely, incoherence and lack of form.

A similar influence is to be found in the writers who, during the last twenty years, have for various reasons, revived what I may call the 'elastic novel' — the novel which has neither beginning nor end, extending over two or three generations, or else, according to the taste of the author, overlapping contemporaneous but independent groups, without any connecting links between them save the personality of one or two persons.

The life-novel, the story of a whole life, which was in fashion just before the war, is scarcely enough for most of the young novelists. They require no less than two or three entangled lives, parents and children, in order to present or frame their stories. They write the 'jointed-fishing-rod novel.'

Sometimes the same people, the same group, are presented from different angles, in a series of works which complement one another. This is the panel-novel. Many a young English novelist has thus recounted the same story in several novels, telling the same events as seen first by one, then by another of the principal characters. Thackeray, Kipling, Arnold Bennett, among the older men, it is true, have displayed the same characters in different works, but this is not, with them, a system. Observe that this enormous modern machinery is not accounted for — as that of Balzac and Zola was — by a sociological scheme, by the intention of taking apart the wheels of one particular civilization and demonstrating its mechanism. Here, instead, are individual destinies, particular existences, thrown together in imposing trilogies, without a common object, sprawling out in a series with a common centre, supported by a great array of dates or other chronological details. Samuel Butler, through scientific conviction, was one of the first to represent whole sections of the human chain instead of simple links, and to mark off with precision portions of the rolling platform of Time. William de Morgan, with less definite intention, began again in the twentieth century to make interminable imaginative biographies after the fashion of Dickens; but it is probably a French writer, Romain Rolland, who has done most, both by his example and by the influence of his

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Jean-Christophe, to reëstablish in the novel of the twentieth century that biographical superabundance of which the later eighteenth century supplied many an example. English publishers—who have always, with reasons that one may guess, preferred three-volume novels—had no intention, until the paper shortage, of opposing a movement which served their interests so well.

For a hundred years, such an array of 'parallel' novels, or novels 'in series,' has never been seen. A self-respecting writer no longer constructs cottages or houses, but towns, even little cities; or else, when he undertakes the construction of an edifice, he frequently contrives that it cannot in any way be seen as a whole. In that way one is sure that there will be no pettifogging about the rules of proportion.

For lack of this external unity, many young English novelists try to achieve a sort of interior unity by applying the 'point of view' principle, which was formulated and established by Henry James. They restrain themselves from forcing their own way in among their characters for purposes of explanation, and present events in a rigorously objective fashion, not as they see them, not as they wish us to see them, but only as they believe their heroes have lived, felt, and understood.

Doubtless no one of their predecessors was wholly free from the fundamental necessity — mother of all artistic verisimilitude — which obliges the author to efface his own personality behind that of his hero. But there is both manner and degree in this process of division. Among the greater number of the novelists of the last century — even those who were most objective — the personality of the author, his intention, and his object, remained visible or at least discernible, between the reader and the novel itself. Some of them, Dickens and Meredith, for example, unlike in other respects, filled all their fiction with their own omnipresence. Others, like Thackeray, could not keep from direct personal intervention in the action of their books. Among the younger English novelists, it is quite true, such men as Hugh Walpole, Temple Thurston, and numerous others, are not lacking, among whose literary virtues self-effacement is by no means chief. But, in numbers great enough to justify a general observation, the major portion of their fellow craftsmen sufficiently gifted to win a preponderating influence manifest a tendency toward complete objectivity which is sincere, creditable, and full of promise. I am thinking of the best work of J. D. Beresford and of Oliver Onions (there is realism of the genuine sort!) and especially of the novels of a school which is even newer, almost exclusively impressionist, in which women of great talent, like Miss Dorothy Richardson, are the dominant figures. This movement ill accords with the frequent reappearance in contemporary fiction of the extraordinary personage, greater, stronger, more violent than nature, who belongs properly to the romantic heritage. In vain this prodigy of energy and intensity is made to appear modern, ultra-modern, prosaic, full of good sense, comic in certain aspects; in vain is he presented and studied objectively, with the exact and patient processes of realism, even the most scientific; he is no less a prodigy, a personage of romance, for all that. The hero of *Sonia* and Tasker Jevons himself are examples.

Finally, though I may be mistaken, it seems to me that I discern among the young English novelists, different as they may be, and really irreducible to any general definition, a very perceptible tendency to take us further than their predecessors into a real

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intimacy with the people of their creation. We know better how their characters live, how they dress, what their dwellings are like, and how they earn their livings. We penetrate to their dining-rooms, their workrooms, sometimes even to their bedrooms. We need not be especially disturbed. There are no flagrant indiscretions and there never will be any flagrant indiscretions — useless at best. The public taste would do justice to that. The gratuitous blackguardism of false realism, which twenty or thirty years ago failed to dishonor the French novel, need hardly be feared among our neighbors across the Channel. But the existence of such individuals in English novels which for a century have shown but a part of their characters' existence, thoughts, and sensations, still appears too artificial. To understand a novelist's characters, the reader need not know all the petty details that a valet or a room-mate knows; but he requires, none the less, fuller details of the physical side of their existence than a chance visitor would possess. Especially has he the right to present or indicate their whole moral life, even that which they conceal from themselves. Wells, Bennett, and, above all, Galsworthy, have long since raised the curtain behind which the truest 'gentleman,' the purest woman, dares not always look. Some of the younger writers — Compton Mackenzie, Gilbert Cannan, D. H. Lawrence — have tried to be franker and more sincere. In the present state of opinion, they can never be frank enough to give the English novel that degree of verity — itself, I am convinced, but a part of life — of which the French novel, since *Madame Bovary*, can never be dispossessed.

One of these writers, Mr. W. L. George, has published in his book, *Literary Chapters*, some pages which deserve attention: —

> No character in a modern English novel has been fully developed. Sometimes, as in the case of Mendel, of Jude the Obscure, of Mark Lennan, of Gyp Fiörsen, one has the impression that they are fully developed because the book mainly describes their sex-adventures; but one could write a thousand pages about sex-adventures and have done nothing but produce a sentimental atmosphere. . . . It may be argued that the English are not, as a nation, interested in sex, that they do not discuss it, and that they do not think about it. If this were true, then a novelist would be sincere if he devoted nine tenths of his novel to business and play and no more than a tenth to sex. But it is not true. The English, particularly English women, speak a great deal about sex, and, as they are certainly shy of the subject, they must devote to it a great deal of thought which they never put into words. . . . Conversation is over-sexed, the novel is under-sexed, therefore untrue, therefore insincere. For this there is no immediate remedy.

And Mr. George gives us numerous examples in support of his opinion, examples which may be summed up thus: Through fear of the policeman, the English novel is condemned to hypocrisy and falsehood by preterition in all that touches on the relationship of the sexes. Mr. George is one of the principal novelists in this field.

It must be admitted that the young novelists of the twentieth century have less fear of the policeman and make fewer sacrifices to Mrs. Grundy than their predecessors of the nineteenth century, and even their immediate forerunners.

My summary would not be complete, if I failed to mention the part that the Unconscious and the Beyond have had in all this literature of the younger school. There have been few novels of literary pretensions during the last few years in which the occult forces of the soul have not been called upon. Even in those which are clearest and most realistic, one recognizes an indescrib-

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able something of which the past generation was innocent. An obscure correspondence between the dead and the living, the absent and the present, the visible world and the invisible is constantly either indicated or suggested. The part that the subconscious plays in the acts, thoughts, and sentiments of individuals is rarely left out and sometimes is represented to better purpose because so lightly and finely indicated. Several young English novelists have a sharpness of perception in this respect, and a sureness of touch that deserve attention. I am thinking in particular of Miss Dorothy Richardson and Miss Clemence Dane. The theories and experiments of Freud and Jung, often imperfectly understood or badly interpreted, inspire a full half of the novels of our day.

There is no need to comment on the contradictory character of certain of these tendencies. But in what time or what country have the characteristics of a literary age or a literary *genre* been anything but contradictory? Distance alone, with the abstraction which it permits, arbitrarily unifies, in the eyes of posterity, — or rather, of the teaching tribe, — the leading traits of a literature.

A MOOR ON MOROCCO

BY JUAN GUIXÉ

From *Heraldo de Madrid, August* 25
(Liberal Daily)

Very few Moors have remained loyal to Spain. It is, therefore, peculiarly interesting to learn why these few have stayed faithful. The entire native population, except the Moors on the peninsula of Tres Forcas, — that is, in the immediate neighborhood of Melilla, — are in open rebellion. This includes even the Moors of Mazuza, whose villages begin just beyond the suburbs. Mizzián el Bueno is one of the rare chiefs among the latter who has stood steadfast in our favor.

This Moorish leader won great distinction in 1909 by his eminent services to Spain. It is natural that he should remain loyal to us, for, although a Moor by birth, Spain is his adopted country. One of his sons is a graduate of the Military School at Toledo and a first lieutenant in our regular army. Another son is in the postal service.

Yesterday, I had a long conversation with Mizzián's oldest son, Mohammed, who is a Spaniard in every sense of the word, and a most intelligent one at that. It is a rather remarkable metamorphosis for the son of an illustrious Moor to be transformed into a Spanish official, possessing our own mentality, language, manners, and even features. It caused me much reflection upon the influence that civilization exercises over the psychology and physiognomy of peoples.

When I met Mizzián el Bueno, his first words were to express regret at the defection of his tribe, and to mention

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the depredations from which he personally had suffered. Speaking of the latter he said: —

'They have stolen my entire crop, — between three and four hundred bushels of barley, — my livestock, garden truck, furniture, — practically everything I possessed. They deserted me, their chief. They disobeyed me. Had I the power I would soon make them feel my anger.'

'You are quite right, Mizzián; but tell me, how do you explain their treason?'

'Too big an idea of themselves,' he answered without a moment's hesitation. 'Note what I tell you. They have got "big head." I am a Moor and I know them. The Spaniards have treated the Moors too kindly, too considerately. Do you suppose a Moor understands the courtesy of the Spanish officials and officers, and of your people in general? If so, you are badly mistaken. A Moor admires and respects nothing but force. The attitude of a Moor toward Christian charity and kindness is something like the attitude of a Christian toward the cruelty and ferocity of a Moor. Instead of thanking you for what you have done for him, he laughs in his sleeve at you. There are, of course, exceptions, but that is the rule.'

'Then what policy do you think we ought to follow with the Moors?'

'A policy of force,' Mizzián replied, with almost explosive vigor. 'Let them fear your wrath. Let them taste your vengeance. Kill them, if there is no other way. Have they not killed your people? Have they not plundered them? Look at me. Look at my son. They have offered a reward of 15,000 pesetas for his head. Do you suppose the Moors would not take vengeance on you? Would they not lay waste Melilla, if they could, and cut the throats of all of us? See here, when you deal with a Moor you must do so with a club in one hand, and a club in the other hand, too. Believe me, unless you do this, you are wasting time. You are destroying your credit here. You pay for your leniency with your own blood. If you wish to save bloodshed, strike them hard, and quick.'

'But we shall need a large army for that.'

'Yes, and war materials,' added Mizzián. 'It will be better to have 60,000 men than 50,000 men, still better to have 100,000. The more you have, the less bloodshed.'

'Do you think, then, that our next advance will cost much life?'

Mizzián nodded his head in reply, and added: —

'The enemy camp is well supplied with war-materials. They have cannon. Besides, those uncles have got their blood up. The Moor is very impressionable. His morale is now keyed to a high pitch. But the rebels will be quickly discouraged if they see Spain sending heavy forces and large supplies. Those beasts don't know that Spain is a great country, with millions of fighting men. In my opinion you should bring over some tanks and poison-gas, and then you will see those uncles run,' — Mizzián snapped his thumb and finger together, — 'quicker than that. You need 50,000 men to begin with, and you must give them a good drubbing. Spain can do it. It is a great country. But unless you do, you will see that I am right. The trouble will continue.'

'Just what do you mean by a "drubbing"?'

'Just this. Disarm every Moor, and as you proceed through the country, flog them. Demand a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye, from those who have betrayed Spain. Then you will have them. They'll be ready to negotiate when they see things going against them, just to gain time to defend themselves; but you can't trust them.'

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'Are there any friendly Moors?'

'Not one. The few who would prefer to be loyal are prevented by the others, and threatened with death, the way I am. But as I said, Spain is my fatherland.'

'So you are fully convinced that our policy of friendly assimilation has failed?'

'So much so that I have decided to move my family to Spain, unless a vigorous policy is adopted.'

'Do you like Spain?'

'Very much. I visited practically every large city in the country — Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, San Sebastian, Seville, Malaga, Almeria, Toledo. You will see when you advance against the tribes that I am right. The camp at Nador is full of corpses, and Ben Chela, whom we have showered with favors, has acted the worst of all.'

'Do you think we should advance *via* Nador?'

'The higher command knows better than I. . . .We shall need many men, much war-material, careful preparation; and don't trust the Moors. I hear it said that those who still call themselves Spain's friends have "a thumb in the Spanish camp and four fingers in the Moor's camp."'

'So you place no confidence, then, in them?'

'See here. I am a Moor, although I am likewise a Spaniard. Now I believe the so-called friendly tribes are guiltier than the others. As you know, we have had four years of crop-failure throughout this region. There has been such distress that the Moors have even been reduced to eating their dogs for want of other food. The Moors of the rebel tribes — Beni-Sidel, Quebdana, Ulah-Setut, Beni-Bulahí, Beni-Ifrur — have all committed treason. I say the same of the five sections of my own tribe of Mazuza. Those uncles have acted disgracefully toward Spain. During the four years of drought, Spain supplied them with barley for seed, with money, and with daily rations. Who does not remember the great multitude of Moors who came to Melilla for food and help, and the generous succor that was given them? And in return for this they have committed treason and proclaimed a Holy War.'

'How many Moors do you calculate are fighting us?'

'Oh, those uncles are numerous. The insurgent tribes number more than 40,000 fighting men, well armed and equipped.'

'And these are the men who are burning the farm-houses, whose flames we see at night in the mountains?'

'No, these were burned by roving bands of pillagers. They fancied that they would frighten the Spaniards so they would not march in that direction. They are the people whom Spain has been feeding. I no longer trust even the shirt on my back.'

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PEACE WITH AMERICA

BY DR. BERNHARD DERNBURG

[The article that follows is fairly representative of moderate opinion in Germany toward the treaty just concluded with the United States, so far as this sentiment is indicated in the press.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, August* 28
(LIBERAL DAILY)

A PERSON who has followed the negotiations at Washington between the Administration and the political parties, and between the House of Representatives and the Senate, upon the Knox-Porter resolution, will be quite prepared for the treaty which Germany has just concluded with the United States. America struck out in a definite course of its own, and the only question for Germany was whether we could reach an agreement with the United States on a basis of the terms which were thus prescribed. It was not an easy question to answer. We could not do what we did in the case of China: avoid another acknowledgment of the Versailles Treaty. Such a reservation was impossible. Wherever the Versailles provisions are not incorporated in the Peace Treaty with America, it is due to America's wishes and not to our own. For instance, the provisions relating to territorial changes in Europe are not accepted by us because America refuses to assume responsibility for those changes in any case. On the other hand, Washington's interest in oil makes it insist upon taking a hand in the mandate system. The second ranking delegate of the United States at Versailles, Secretary of State Lansing, says that the mandates were established originally solely to prevent Germany from claiming the value of its colonies as a set-off in its reparation payments. And Lansing must know. America rejects Article 13, which relates to international laws to protect workers, because American employers fear that this would upset labor conditions in America. I merely cite these examples to show that such exceptions as are made to the Treaty are not due to regard for Germany.

The situation is still worse in respect to those provisions of the Versailles document which have been incorporated in our new agreement with America. All the economic oppression; all the impossible demands for reparation; every violation of Wilson's Fourteen Points; the incredible interpretation of physical damages to civilians as including compensation for crippled soldiers and pensions to their families; all the curtailments of Germany's control over her own ports and rivers; all the one-sided, most-favored nation privileges with which that treaty saddles us, we have subscribed to anew. The document is merely a new edition of the Versailles blood code, in spite of the fact that two years' experience has shown its economic impossibility and its disastrous consequences, not only for Germany, but even for America with its millions of unemployed. Last of all, we accept the treaty provisions regarding the military occupation of our territory, a separate tariff district in the Rhine country, and the diabolical contrivances incorporated in the sanction policy of the Entente.

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In spite of all that, the Berlin Government has 'swallowed the devil at sight,' and I believe it has acted wisely. The Minister of Foreign Affairs put the situation aptly when he said: 'We must draw a line through the past.' We must, indeed, make a new start. This Peace Treaty is a final line drawn through the past. From beginning to end the document itself is soulless and dead — a mere formality.

What we need, however, is a new basis. That will eventually be found in the souls and sentiments of the two peoples. It does not exist to-day. It would be folly to refuse to see that. Germany, and all that is German, are still far from popular in the United States. In fact, they are cordially hated by many Americans. The reason for this is familiar. First, the people there are convinced that Germany, consciously and intentionally, brought about the war, just as Article 231 of the Versailles Treaty says. In admitting America's charge, as we have done by accepting the eighth section of the treaty, — the point of which is Germany's recognition of her guilt, — we have made it imperative to begin the final settlement of our intellectual and moral relations with America with a vigorous protest against this article. That will not add to our popularity. It will be interpreted as proving our arrogance and lack of repentance. Moreover, the average American, who knows little of international affairs in Europe, does not wish to trouble himself to make a searching investigation, which, it seems to him, will lead to no practical result. So he contents himself with what he calls a 'slogan.' But that does not change the situation. We shall come back insistently to that point.

The charge that Germany *alone* is responsible for the war is a propaganda lie. Its falsity can easily be proved. Wilson, and Lloyd George, and other Entente authorities, have themselves recognized that it is untrue. Finally, we are, after all, a nation of sixty million souls, fairly well educated and civilized people, with a national sense of honor. It will be unendurable for us to be merely tolerated and patronized. Consequently, when America is really ready to have the atmosphere clarified, it will be our first duty to have this guilt question settled — and settled right.

But when we come to the point, who was responsible for war between Germany and the United States, we are on different ground. That is a count against us which condemns us, in American eyes, for the high taxes, unemployment, and business crisis which now prevail in their country, and for the killing and crippling of American soldiers during the war. This sentiment is likely to breed permanent bitterness; and we must admit, if we are honest, that our submarine policy made it impossible for the American government to maintain peace in defiance of the public sentiment of its citizens.

On the other hand, however, America would have suffered from many of the economic evils of which she now complains had she not entered the war. And long before a single American was killed by a German bullet, hundreds of thousands of Germans had been slaughtered on the battlefields of France by American bullets. We do not dispute America's account against us; but we have a set-off, which, in the interest of the future, we hope we may speedily forget. That set-off is America's active support of our enemies, with money and weapons, from the outset of the war; her failure to protest effectively against the Entente policy of starving us by a blockade; her complicity in continuing that blockade for months after the Armistice. Again, after the American

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army and American equipment gave Germany her knock-out blow, and Wilson proclaimed his lofty idealist peace terms; after we accepted those terms and laid down our arms, a peace treaty concocted in the darkness of secret diplomacy was imposed upon us, which fulfilled in no respect and, indeed, absolutely contradicted every one of the Fourteen Points—at least so far as Germany is concerned. Even the Americans themselves have repudiated the most important sections of that treaty. America has come out of the war rich and powerful. We are weak and impoverished. If, then, we are willing to wipe the slate clean, to forget our own injuries and bitterness, and to turn over a new leaf in the international ledger, it is we who make the greater sacrifice.

But if the new account which we are now opening, and which we are promised shall be kept in a spirit of fairness and friendliness, is to benefit us, America must do her share. We know that her citizens wish to keep clear of Europe, to attend only to American matters, to leave the Old World to its fate. But that will not do. You cannot remodel a whole world, — as Mr. Wilson tried to remodel it, and in part succeeded in doing, at Paris, — and merely because the result does not please you, say: 'I wash my hands of the whole business.' Any man — and still more, any nation — that aspires to honor and prestige, must accept responsibility for its acts. The American people cannot say simply: 'We disavow Wilson. We are through with him. We are going to be practical.' Has Germany cleared herself of all responsibility for the war and the war's results by sending her Kaiser into private life and changing her government?

But, quite apart from the moral side of the question, America will be compelled by the necessity of events to interest herself in Europe, and above all, in Central Europe, which is now so largely her own work. For the Versailles Treaty and its impossible terms have ruined America's best customers, to the profit of England and France; and America has received no compensation for the loss. When we have to pay eighty marks or more for a dollar, we can buy nothing from America. And the situation is not improving. A great trading nation like America must protect her markets. Apparently we must still harp on the old familiar truth, that the economic world is a unit, which is either sick or healthy as a whole. One infected limb infects the whole body. That is so simple and obvious, and yet it is so hard for many to comprehend!

And it is not the economic world alone that is a unit; the intellectual and moral world is, likewise, a single whole. Hate begets hate, loving-kindness begets loving-kindness, character begets respect. These are immutable truths. But the world cannot be healed in a moment. I hope the new treaty with America will pave the way to political and economic betterment. But to the common people of Germany and the American Union, and to them alone, must be left the task of finding a way to moral betterment and mutual understanding. Let Germans not fail in that part of the common task before us.

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HUNGARY IN DISTRESS

From *Le Correspondant, August 25*
(Paris Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly)

No nation of Europe admits that it fought an offensive war. Simple-minded people may be distressed by this perverseness; but any student of collective mentality will admit that it exists, so far as we can judge the state of a nation's mind.

Hungarians have a confused and one-sided idea of the origin of the war. Serbia's reply to the Austrian ultimatum was never published in their country. Most Hungarians do not know yet that Serbia ever made such a reply. Their other information is on a par with this. How can we expect them, therefore, to feel that they are responsible? Public opinion has been moulded entirely by Austrian documents, which made it appear that Count Tisza, speaking in the name of the Hungarian people, was the only member of the Vienna cabinet who held out against declaring war.

When hostilities actually began, the people of Hungary regarded the conflict as purely for national defense. Their unity and the integrity of their territory had been constantly threatened for centuries by the surrounding nationalities. They knew that irridentist elements existed in all their border districts. Since 1848 they had been acutely conscious of the Pan-Slavism astir along their eastern frontier. Consequently, Hungarians believed in 1914 that Serbia's ambition was a national menace which they must remove once for all, at any cost. Therefore, in the minds of the people, Hungary entered the war to preserve her integrity.

When Rumania joined the Allies, the threat against Hungary at once became more definite and dangerous. Last of all, the terms of the Peace Treaty just imposed upon his country prove to the average Hungarian, if any proof were necessary, that his conception of the war was right.

It follows that no one is more discredited in Hungary to-day than the men who opposed the war. The Socialists, who are charged, rather oddly, with having voted against war appropriations, although they did not have a single representative in Parliament at the time; the Freemasons, who are alleged to have conspired to bring about defeat and revolution; and the Jews, who are accused of being slackers and war profiteers, have to bear the full weight of unpopularity for the nation's military defeat and present suffering.

In fact, their invincible national pride prevents the Hungarians from admitting any military defeat whatsoever. They attribute their disaster solely to the revolution, instead of ascribing the revolution to their military collapse. This obsession, which reverses the true order of events, makes the state of public mind in Hungary difficult for outsiders to understand.

Hungary's political progress has been retarded by local conditions. For more than a century after the middle classes in many other parts of Europe were in full possession of the government, Hungary retained its feudal institutions. Whenever a cabinet resigned, the only question was: 'What nobleman will be appointed Premier?'

When the monarchy and the feudal régime went down together, the middle classes were not ready to take the reins of government. They had received no training in democracy; they lacked

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common ideals, and a leader around whom to rally. Count Karoly, whom circumstances pushed to the front, possessed neither talent, judgment, nor character. All are agreed as to that. His best friends witnessed his elevation to power with apprehension, knowing full well that the task was beyond his ability.

Count Karoly was not a democrat by conviction. He was a gambler, an ambitious man, a 'derailed aristocrat.' His brief political success was but another proof that feudal instincts still control the national soul of Hungary. His noble rank, his immense estates, his kinship with Count Andrassy, instead of standing in the way of popular preferment, were the very reasons why the masses chose him for their leader.

Democracy did not interest the rank and file of the nation, which had no comprehension of what it meant. The Hungarian people did not ask Karoly to liberalize their domestic institutions, with which they were fairly well satisfied; they simply expected him to save the country. He was to rescue the nation from the consequences of its defeat.

He had been the only great nobleman to oppose the war, and to proclaim himself in the very height of the struggle a friend of the Allies. The Hungarians, taking him at his word, fancied that his influence at Paris would be strong enough to divert the wrath of the victors. They looked upon him as a man appointed by Providence. Possibly Karoly himself fancied he could play that part. It is the only explanation of his policy.

In order to prove that he was a pacifist, he ordered the country to disarm and its forces to be demobilized. Hoping to secure the recognition of his government and to assert the autonomy of Hungary, he rejected all common action with the Vienna monarchy, and repudiated the armistice signed by General Diaz, commander of its united army. Pursuing the same policy, he went to Belgrade to negotiate a separate armistice with the commander of the Allied Eastern Army.

Such a bold policy could be justified only by success. But he failed. France, which had interned Count Karoly in 1914 and subsequently released him under definite promises, believed that he had betrayed his pledge. Consequently, his trip to Belgrade was a personal disaster. He came back with an armistice, the terms of which were even harsher than those granted General Diaz. They did not, like the former, guarantee the integrity of Hungary's territories.

Immediately disarmament and demobilization, which had seemed to Count Karoly a stroke of genius, thereby became in the eyes of the Hungarian people an unpardonable crime. When the country's troops returned from the front after the first armistice, their morale was still excellent. Some of the Honved regiments, whose officers told them that they were being transferred to the defense of Transylvania, came back singing patriotic airs. The army of Kovess, numbering about three hundred and fifty thousand men, was still intact. It returned across the frontier in perfect order, with all its equipment. Here it was welcomed by Linder, a radical Socialist Minister of War, with the announcement that its regiments were disbanded; and the men were to lay down arms and go home. This War Minister made the public pronouncement: 'I wish to see no soldiers in Hungary.' Many soldiers were disarmed on the spot; others carried their portable equipment away with them. For months thereafter the farmhouses and villages of Hungary were stored full of rifles and machine-guns. Hungary is the only country that did not have a regular demobilization. Its

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army was simply disbanded and the members allowed to go home.

Hungary regards the armistice and disarmament as crimes, because the people believe that they would have secured much better peace terms if they had kept possession of the disputed territories instead of surrendering them to their enemies. When the nation was refused lands populated entirely by its own people, it felt that the Great Powers had denied it those territories because they shirked the task of dislodging the Czechs and Rumanians who had meanwhile seized them.

In the second place, the people believe that disarmament made Bolshevism possible. Having demobilized its forces, and permitted the peasants to go home, the Karoly government had no organized troops to defend itself. It was at the mercy of any armed mob — that is to say, of the most disorderly and turbulent elements of the city.

Therefore Count Karoly, bereft of moral prestige at home and destitute of armed support, could not survive except with outside aid. That aid was not forthcoming. The fine promises he had made the people were not fulfilled. He had to vanish. To-day he is the most hated person in Hungary. Bela Kun pursued an equally reckless and disorganizing policy. But Karoly was of pure Magyar blood, — a Hungarian of the old race, — and, therefore, his crime appears to his compatriots as a peculiarly abominable treason.

The second factor determining Hungarian sentiment to-day is Communism. That is a spectre which constantly haunts every statesman; a memory no one can forget; a still present danger, to which all else is subordinated.

It is not my purpose to unravel fact from legend in the history of the Communist government. That can be left to the historians of the future. All I profess to do is to describe the effect of Communism upon public sentiment to-day; the way it controls the acts of the Hungarian people; the explanation it affords of their conduct.

At the outset unbiased observers will be struck by certain resemblances between the Communist government and the present government. The 'White terror' resembles unmistakably the 'Red terror.' One naturally inquires if they are not simply two forms of the same thing. It is certain that the terrorists of both régimes often used the same methods, partly because both are products of war-demoralization, partly because the Whites sought to impress the popular imagination by repeating exactly the crimes which they avenged. But the resemblance between the two régimes is not confined to terrorist devices. Their systems of administration are much alike. Their police methods, their suppression of freedom of the press and of speech, are identical. In many instances they have employed the same spies. In fact, the personnel of the two régimes has not necessarily changed. The most violent reactionaries of to-day were in some instances the most ardent Communists of yesterday. Both governments have in their service old Hapsburg functionaries, whose system has never varied.

But there is a deeper reason for these similarities. The Communist government was an accident. It never represented the will of the people. Under normal conditions it could never have gained power by force. It was kept in office by a few hundred armed men who terrorized a disarmed nation.

The Communists were not in power long enough to justify passing a final judgment on their programme. But it took them only a few weeks to drive the best intellectual and moral elements out of the country, to organize an intolerable system of espionage and delation, to throw the productive machinery of

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the country completely out of gear and to create general chaos.

The 'terror' has cost less life than many imagine. Even in Budapest atrocities have not been numerous. As usually happens, they have been vastly exaggerated. Only three individuals were sentenced to death in Budapest by the Communists, — and that after formal trial, — for attempted counter-revolution. About one hundred and fifty are reported to have been executed under martial law, for ordinary crimes. Some two hundred were executed without formal sentence, mostly in country districts. During the trial of the Bolshevist commissioners, Horthy's public prosecutor presented two hundred and sixty-five cases where it could be proved that life had been taken. That is not a large number under the circumstances. But these crimes have been multiplied in the popular imagination, and have served as a pretext for numerous reprisals.

Comparatively few Hungarians make a distinction between Socialists and Communists. The two words are absolutely synonymous for a majority of the people. This confusion of ideas is explained partly by the prevalent lack of political training. The fundamental distinction between Socialists and Communists is that the Communists believe it is right for a minority to govern a majority, while the Socialists believe in the democratic principle of majority rule. This is a distinction very obvious to us westerners, but very vague to the people of a country where there has never been true democracy; where the government has always represented the minority; and where statesmen have regularly devoted themselves to preventing the people from expressing their will. Socialism assumes democracy where democracy is not understood or applied — where every government in the past has been a class-tyranny.

But this is not the only explanation. There is a second and more concrete reason. When Count Karoly laid down office, the working-classes were the only organized group in the country. Communism was impossible without their aid or passive permission. So it is easy to say that the working-classes are responsible for Bolshevism, because they could have prevented it, had they so willed. In the beginning, also, many Socialist leaders coöperated with the Communists. Apparently, the working-classes as a whole were never enthusiastic supporters of the Red régime. In any case, they soon tired of the economic incompetence and moral abuses of the Bolshevist leaders. But their opposition was not vocal. They tolerated the situation. Their papers were the only papers that could be published. So it is hard to persuade the average Hungarian that the working-classes were not heart and soul behind Bela Kun.

There is a good deal of hypocrisy about this. Neither did the middle classes offer active resistance to the Communist government. Most public officials stayed at their desks, and many of the nobility, including the former Premier, Count Maurice Esterhazy, served as public administrators of their own estates under the Communist authorities.

The class that most consistently opposed the Bolsheviki was the peasants. To-day this class is reaping its reward for that attitude.

Are there Communists in Hungary to-day? It is a delicate question. Naturally, no one will avow Communist opinion. Reactionaries see Communists everywhere. Two things are certain: there are still Communists, though their numbers may be rather small, and the present government is manufacturing Communists, because every oppressive government fosters the spirit of revolution.

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The Peace Treaty has deprived Hungary of more than seventy per cent of its territory, and sixty per cent of its former inhabitants. Among the latter are three and a half million Magyars, or about one fourth of the nation. It has given Hungary almost impossible frontiers from either the strategic or the economic point of view. They follow the foot of the mountains, leaving in the hands of the neighboring governments the natural market-places, transverse railway lines, and military approaches. The country has lost forty-six per cent of its factories, sixty per cent of its coal fields, and sixty-five per cent of its wheat lands. It has lost eighty-five per cent of its forests, and ninety-five per cent of its water-power.

This may seem a dark picture. However, in spite of its losses the country still possesses important resources with which it can build up a thriving foreign trade. But such trade presupposes friendly relations with its neighbors. Such relations do not exist in Central Europe.

It would be impossible to find a single Hungarian to-day who accepts the present dismemberment of his country as final. The nation believes with absolute unanimity that its geographical and economic unity will eventually be restored. Hungarians still fancy that they excel their neighbors in morale, patriotism, and race-spirit. This is a sentiment fostered by centuries of overlordship over neighboring peoples.

Consequently the Peace Treaty has left in Central Europe an unreconciled nation, which refuses to accept its terms, and which considers it not only a right, but a duty, to overthrow that treaty at the first opportunity.

However, the country will not be strong enough to do this without a powerful army and sound economic recovery. But these two things are incompatible. If Hungary tries to maintain a strong military establishment, it will stifle the possibility of economic recovery. The nation can recover its health only by forgetting the past. But it will not forget.

ALSACE THROUGH GERMAN EYES

BY HEINRICH RIEHL

From *Die Hilfe, August* 5, 15
(Berlin Evangelical Conservative Weekly)

A journey to Alsace to-day speedily convinces the traveler that our train service is not yet back to normal. Before the war the trip from Hanover to Strassburg took eight and one half hours without changing cars; to-day it requires nineteen and a half hours and several changes. In addition, there is all the embarrassment and inconvenience of passing two customs-examinations, one on the German side and one on the French side of the temporary trade-frontier.

In the occupied region the railways are still operated by the old staff. However, departures are called in French, which the German employees have been obliged to learn for this pur-

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pose. Generally, however, their pronunciation is so remarkable, that, when a guard shouts *termine* instead of *fertig*, the average passenger does not know whether he is uttering an oath or an order.

Trains run on a faster schedule than in the rest of Germany, although the road-bed is in no better condition. People here consider this unsafe, and there have already been several serious accidents. Apparently it is a survival of the recklessness begotten of the war.

During the past two years and a half Strassburg has assumed many of the external aspects of a French city. Naturally many French officials and army people have settled here, and French tradesmen have followed in their wake. Much French is spoken and shop-keepers have hastened to hang out French signs. This does not always indicate French sympathy on their part; but still a certain spontaneity characterizes this reaction from the old Prussian rules, which forbade the use of any French whatever. The natives still speak their Alsatian dialect. In fact, they seem to cling to it more than formerly, when they often spoke French merely as a protest against Germany's effort to suppress that language. All street names that recall the Prussian régime have been replaced by French names; but others are written in both German and French.

Many strangers are in the city, though tourist business has declined greatly since the first two years after the war. This is attributed partly to extortionate hotel charges. Most of the plays at the Municipal Theatre are French. The audiences, which are generally large, include many war profiteers who cannot understand French, but who attend regularly because they consider this good form. Whenever Alsatian plays are presented, — in the local dialect, — the house is sure to be crowded.

France labors industriously to persuade the people here that her civilization is the best in the world. One popular device is to hold exhibitions. The old Imperial Palace, now called the *Palais du Rhin*, is often used for this purpose. While I was in the city, a display of Louis XIV Gobelins was being held, and some truly remarkable pieces were shown.

Wednesdays and Fridays the *Gimpelmarkt* — rubbish market — can still be visited. It is part of the poetry of Old Strassburg, an ancient institution, which no person who has resided long in the city ever forgets. One sometimes chances upon priceless treasures here: antique copper-plate engravings, usually pictures of the cathedral or of incidents in Strassburg history; old books printed a couple of centuries ago, or coats-of-arms and art objects of ancient date. Visitors also find articles of daily use, ranging all the way from dilapidated second-hand straw hats to the latest safety razor. The most noticeable change from the good old days is that what you formerly could buy here for a trifling price now costs as much as at the most fashionable antique shops.

Another characteristic sight still remains — the washwomen who line the Ill, as they did in the days of our grandfathers. They still hold wordy combats as of yore, in the vigorous Billingsgate of the lower quarter, which not infrequently end with one party's taking an involuntary ducking. Anglers still loiter contemplatively over their tranquil pastime, close to the laundry floats, regardless of spectators, whose perennial interest is undampened by the fact that these worthy sportsmen never catch a fish.

Alsace has always supported numerous societies of every conceivable kind for asserting and preserving local cus-

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toms. Most of these have hastened to accommodate themselves to their new government. Among other things, they have organized corps of trumpeters, like those in the French army. Where these have been properly drilled, the result is not intolerable. But unhappy the stranger who innocently puts up near a railway station! Let him bid farewell to all thought of a Sunday-morning nap and betake himself betimes to the mountains. By five A.M. the first trumpeter battalions will be wending their way to the station at the head of some *Verein*. And most likely the players will be tiros with these instruments, whose lung-power and enthusiasm only add to the blatancy of their discord.

I chanced to be in Strassburg when the Japanese Crown Prince visited the city, and witnessed the military reception given him. It was certainly an impressive sight, which need not shrink from comparison with the best we Germans could do in the days of Kaiser Wilhelm. A curious rumor was current that the person to whom these honors were shown was not the Crown Prince himself, but a substitute closely resembling the royal heir, deputized to make the journey in his place. It would not be a bad idea for a crown prince to have a substitute to relieve him of many of these formalities; for during his stay in Strassburg, the Japanese heir-apparent was favored with a constant round of military receptions, reviews, banquets, visits to different institutions, and country excursions — where he had to listen to long addresses of welcome, delivered by village burgomasters in the Alsatian dialect, and to reply to these in Japanese. Surely, a European trip with such strenuous accompaniments entitles a man to a substitute to share his duties.

I made a mountain excursion to a part of upper Alsace which lay within the war zone for full four years. On my way thither, I passed the famous old Murbach Abbey, and discovered to my joy that its twelfth-century church, the most beautiful monument of Romanesque architecture in Alsace, was not destroyed as reported, but only slightly injured. It can easily be restored. Beginning the ascent just beyond the Abbey, I had proceeded but a short distance when I came upon the first evidences of the former battle-line. From this point to the summit, 4000 feet above, the country is still a labyrinth of trenches, dug-outs, and barbed-wire entanglements, almost perfectly preserved. In this mountainous forest country, no effort seems to have been made to clear away such obstructions. Telephone and electric-lighting installations are apparently still in condition to use. Long artificial hedges, intended to screen roads from hostile observers, remain intact. The signs directing the troops to their various positions are still in place. Sometimes they are in French, sometimes in German, for the line between the hostile armies was oddly curved and looped at this point.

It was night before we reached the summit. The moon rose just as we approached the top. We watched the lights come out one after another in the little villages of the plain below. The railway stations of the line from Basel to Colmar could be picked out. We were able to watch as well the passing trains. From the *Gebweiler Belchen*, where we stood, it was possible to survey the whole valley of the Upper Rhine. Its possession must have been invaluable to the French. They held it during the whole war, an incomparable observation post, from which they were able to observe every detail of what occurred below. Not a railway train could be moved without their knowledge in all this part of the valley.

A hotel that formerly stood on the

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summit was destroyed at the beginning of the war. Its landlord has now installed primitive accommodations for travelers in a French army barracks, where the food is passable, but the sleeping-quarters are badly crowded.

Sunrise gave us a much clearer impression of the great changes wrought in the landscape by the war. A line of trenches runs over the very summit of the mountain. To the east and southeast stand Sudelkopf, Molkenrain, and Hartmannsweilerkopf — all outlying ramparts of Belchen itself. Each bears scars of war. Their summits, which were evenly rounded, are now rent and riven. Only a few isolated trunks remain of the forest which crowned them. Yet they are no longer bare and blasted as they were during the years of actual combat. A new mantle of green clothes them, though it is as yet but a pitiful veil of scanty verdure — no compensation for the glorious forest monarchs which were destroyed.

I walked for four hours along the summit of the ridge. Here and there I caught glimpses of landscapes that betrayed no evidence of the war. Then suddenly I would find myself in a tangle of trenches and other dumb witnesses to the recent years of carnage. At one place I stumbled over an unexploded ten-centimetre shell, and I was informed that a workingman had lost an arm and a leg the day before, near a point where I stopped, by stepping accidentally upon a hand-grenade. It is still dangerous to deviate in the slightest from the beaten path.

I ended my walk at Metzeral, an unhappy little town, where there was violent fighting from the very first. It changed hands several times, and was reduced to a heap of ruins. Practically nothing has been done as yet toward rebuilding it. Heavy shrubbery is growing over its fallen walls. A few arches of the beautiful Protestant church still rise aloft, producing a weird impression, as if they, too, were likely at any moment to crumble and collapse. One of the few new buildings is a hotel close by the half-finished railway station. Its architect has shown the bad taste to use twenty-four-centimetre shells and aviation bombs as architectural decorations.

Most commendably, the government has rebuilt the factories first of all, so that the poor people at least have work. Most of the residents still live in wooden huts. Those with whom I talked had little hope of ever being compensated for their losses. A few received some grants in the beginning, to help them rebuild their homes. But apparently the government has now run short of funds, and the rest are waiting.

Most of the neighboring villages present the same picture. They are heaps of ruins, already half-concealed by luxuriant vegetation, and wooden barracks tenanted by apathetic people who have suffered fearfully, but endure their trials with courage. The city of Münster was less damaged than the neighboring towns, and more has been accomplished there in the way of reconstruction. Farther south, however, things seem hopeless. I passed villages where not a single building had been repaired. An American company which undertook extensive operations in this district has failed utterly. There is no lack of good-will, but the task is so gigantic that it seems to paralyze initiative. People lose hope at the outset.

I came across a significant thing at a little village in the Upper Breuschthal. When the remains of the soldiers who fell in that region were gathered together in separate military cemeteries, the body of a French soldier and a German soldier were buried, side by side, in the village churchyard, as a symbol that death wipes out the enmities of

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this life, and that the wars of this world terminate with the grave.

I traveled throughout Alsace and tried to form an unprejudiced judgment of opinion there. I tried to see things as they are and not as I might wish them to be. First, let me say that the ebullition of sentiment which followed the change of government — the wild enthusiasm of the pro-French, and the deep despair of the pro-Germans — has evaporated. It is not surprising that elderly persons, whose memory goes back to the years before 1871 and who became German citizens under duress, welcomed the return of the French with joy. Yet these are the very people who are readiest to-day to voice their disappointment. It is not easy, to be sure, to get an absolutely frank opinion regarding political conditions. Men recall too vividly the time when Alsace-Lorraine was regarded by Germany simply as a *glacis* against France. They expect the French authorities to deal as harshly with candid expressions of opinion as did the Germans before them. Immediately after France recovered these provinces, her government lavished gifts and favors upon them, hoping thus to win their devoted loyalty. But that sort of thing could not last forever, and as soon as favors stopped, the sentiment these favors awakened ceased. People imagined that France would be able to wipe out in a moment all traces of the war, and bless the country with an era of prosperity. But France had not the power and resources to work such miracles. Consequently, the hope entertained at first, that there would be a great revival of business, has proved baseless. Just at present, times are bad. Most of the factories have curtailed production. The government is giving every assistance to the companies developing the local oil-wells, but the potash industry has not been handled as the people wish.

In an effort to increase tourist traffic, the railways have established automobile lines from Strassburg to the principal points of interest in the Vosges. A new health resort has been opened on the French side of the river, opposite Baden-Baden; but the ambitious improvements there promise to destroy the rural beauty which was hitherto its real attraction.

Much discontent exists among local officials. This is due to the forced introduction of French administrative methods and the concentration of executive offices in the capital. Moreover, new appointees are mostly carpet-baggers from France itself, some of whom are clearly not qualified to perform their duties.

The working-classes also are discontented. This is due partly to the extremely reactionary spirit shown by the French authorities toward Socialism and labor welfare. The working-people see that their fellows in Germany enjoy many more rights since the Revolution than they themselves enjoy.

These conditions are partly compensated by the blessing of the stable and orderly government, which France has been able to give the country at a time when the storm and stress of revolution and disorder swept through Germany.

Coming to the question of how the people feel toward France and Germany just now, I know that I shall disagree with most German writers, and shall wound the sentiments of many of my patriotic fellow countrymen, when I assert that a majority of the people are not pro-German. The existence of discontent, which cannot be denied, does not mean a desire to return to Germany. I have heard people observe, whenever such questions were discussed, that the situation might be still worse were Alsace-Lorraine still

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a part of our country. The people have not forgotten our manifold blunders. Our Junkers awakened a bitterness and resentment here which will last a generation and make a voluntary union of the province with Germany impossible.

None the less, violent political conflicts are in prospect, especially if the French government tries to extend its church laws to this province. By the next Parliamentary campaign, the people will be politically organized and will make their influence felt.

One of the most promising things I have discovered, is the growing number of those who advocate speedy reconciliation between Germany and France. Many of the residents had friendly and intimate connections with our country before the war, which they are eager to resume. But this reconciliation cannot come so long as the present political status of Alsace-Lorraine is disputed. Overtures from us will be distrusted unless we frankly recognize the permanence of the present arrangement.

These people have been freed from the ties which formerly bound them to the German Empire, and wish to be loyal to their new government. But they are, nevertheless, a German-speaking people. They have resisted obstinately every attempt to deprive them of the free use of their native tongue. We may rest assured that the people of Alsace will always remain German in mind and spirit. It is our duty to show full consideration and respect for their political wishes. We shall thereby best preserve the spiritual ties which unite them with us. Alsace previously spent many years under alien political control and yet remained loyal to the German tongue. For a thousand years, scarcely a single village has passed from one side of the linguistic border to the other. It rests largely with us to see that this continues for another thousand years.

VENGEANCE — AND GOOD BUSINESS!

BY PIERRE MILLE

From *L'Indépendance Belge, August* 24
(Liberal Progressive Daily)

'In the Belgian Congo,' quietly began my friend Partonneau, the famous explorer and colonial administrator, 'In the Belgian Congo, the natives believe in one God only. He is a Catholic. That is one of the most important results of the campaign that you anticlericals made about fifteen years ago against His Majesty Leopold II, with the approval of the Protestant missionaries. Leopold II was upset, but the Catholic missionaries were not; and they took their turn at upsetting the Swedish, English, Norwegian, and American Protestants; which may have been a good thing, when you come to think of it, but which hardly was what you wanted originally.

'Now in the French Congo, the natives believe in three Gods —' 'Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' I interrupted.

Partonneau shrugged his shoulders.

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'They don't bother about theology. All I say is that they had three gods, — or *zombis*, in their own language, — the French *zombi*, who was a Catholic, the Swedish *zombi*, who was a Protestant, and Ponsot's *zombi*, who was a Free Mason. For the excellent M. Ponsot was an influential colonist and also a convinced free-thinker — a Mason of I know not what degree, but certainly a very high one; and he had a Masonic temple constructed at Brazzaville, right opposite the Archbishop's cathedral, for the express purpose of annoying him.

'Did you know Monseigneur? He is dead now, but you must have known him. Well, it made him furious. There he had Ponsot right in front of his nose; although really, Free Mason or not, he was a fine fellow. Monseigneur Omer Doulhouard, the Archbishop, whom everybody in equatorial Africa used to call plain Omer, liked a joke very much better when he played it himself than when someone else played it on him.

'I suppose that is enough to explain to you why, to the very end of his life, he had only two worries, outside of his ecclesiastical duties — to get even with Ponsot before he died, and to run his missions without spending a penny more than he had to. Omer, you know, was the descendant of peasants as well as of missionaries, and he had preserved the parsimonious habits of the French countryside, greatly to the profit of the Church — and to the profit of the Church alone, for everybody knows now that he left very little when he died. His diocese was administered as a peasant might run a farm. He and his clergy had to live off the country, tenants of nature. Money was merely to increase spiritual or temporal possessions, and the Bishop thought there were all too many times when it had to be spent.

'Well, before Omer went to Paradise, — where I like to think that he is now receiving all that is due to his virtues and his ecclesiastical rank, — he did enjoy the two supreme satisfactions that his soul desired: he achieved a memorable stroke of genuine economy and he brought Ponsot low — brought him low, you understand, in a really thoroughgoing way. Because, you see, the Church is eternal; it only has to wait.

'For thirty years Omer had n't been in Europe. Missionaries don't get a regular leave like the rest of us, not even the chief ones. They go back as seldom as possible. They either die or get used to it out here. They learn the native way of living, languages, customs. If they die, they are replaced. If they live, there is no money to pay traveling expenses back and forth, every three years. So you see, old Omer had good reason to be economical.

'But at last he did secure authority from his superiors to take the cure at Vichy, for he was having trouble with his liver. He was accompanied by another father, a "socius," you see, because he belonged to a congregation. He took the mission's steamboat and went to Leopoldville, in the Belgian Congo, to take the railroad for Matadi, where he was to embark for Europe. This is the conversation when he stood before the ticket-office: —

'"Two tickets for Matadi, please."

'"First-class?" asked the agent, seeing that they were white men and that Omer wore the habit of an archbishop. "One thousand francs."

'"A thousand francs to ride three hundred kilometres?" cried Omer.

'"Yes, five hundred for each seat. You are n't in Europe, here."

'"But a thousand francs," protested Omer gently. "Just think, with a thousand francs I could take care of some little negro boys, of whom I would make Christians, good Christians, for a whole year. Give me second-class tickets."

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'"All right. Six hundred francs."

'"Still too much," groaned the Archbishop.

'Meanwhile the station-master himself had appeared, having heard that there were troublesome travelers at the ticket-office. Omer continued to haggle with him.

'"Well, give me the cheapest you have."

'"We have fourth-class carriages at 28 francs 50 centimes," said the station-master. "Only, they're for negroes."

'"Monsieur," replied Omer with great unction, "I have lived with negroes thirty years for nothing, and I'm perfectly willing to spend twenty-four hours more among them to save 943 francs! Here are 57 francs. Give me fourth-class tickets. When does the train go?"

'"In two hours. But it runs only every four days. You 'd better get in now if you want to make sure of a place."

'"Very well, monsieur," replied Omer, with the best grace in the world.

'Behold him, therefore, installed in one of the fourth-class carriages, without either roof or shutters, with his violet hose, his "socius," his portfolios, his coffers of provisions, — which consisted for the most part of *chocuangue*, or flour made from green bananas, — in the midst of a horde of negroes and negresses, to whom he began to tell stories in the Bakongo dialect. But in the meantime the station-master had leisure for reflection.

'"Monseigneur," he said, coming to the fourth-class carriage, "it would produce a decidedly bad impression to let two white men, one of them an archbishop, travel with a lot of 'bounols.' Give me your fourth-class tickets and I will mark them so that you can travel first-class with them."

'"Excellent," said Omer; "I admire your generosity. The Lord will not forget this. Receive my apostolic blessing in the meantime."

'But after the station-master had received the apostolic blessing, he began to think: "I may, perhaps, have exceeded my authority. I had better consult the central office at Matadi."

'He telephoned to Matadi, and the general manager there replied: "What! You have n't given the Archbishop anything better than first-class? Tell him that the company takes pleasure in putting a special train at his disposal."

'The station-master ran out just in time to stop the regular train as it was pulling out, jerked the portfolios, the banana-flour, and the "socius" out of the carriage, and yelled: "Monseigneur! Monseigneur! They beg you to accept a special train."

'"Excellent," said Omer, as he got out. "Thank the company for me. But in that case — in that case — "

'"What?" asked the agent.

'"In that case you owe me 57 francs. Two fourth-class passages, Leopoldville to Matadi, which I am not going to use. Here are the tickets. Take them."

'"Good Heavens!" shrieked the agent. "You don't imagine I 'm going to upset all my accounts for you, do you? And the expenses of a special train, too!"

'"My friend," said Omer mildly, "I shall demand those 57 francs at the company's headquarters in Brussels, if necessary."

'At the very moment when the dispute was on the verge of becoming acrimonious, a white man dashed up, mopping his face under his sun-helmet — Ponsot himself, the Venerable of the Lodge, the founder of the Masonic temple.

'"The train!" he cried, "has it gone?"

'"The train is gone," replied the station-master. "It 's a good distance

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away by this time, at its commercial speed of fifteen miles an hour. You can take the next one. This is Thursday. The next one is Monday."

'Ponsot began to swear at a rate that must have filled all the devils in the Congo with delight. Omer and his "socius" at the other end of the platform read their breviaries with discreetly lowered eyes.

'"Listen," said the station-master to Ponsot. "Perhaps there is one chance. The company has assigned a special train, which is just about to start, to Monseigneur Doulhouard. Do you see him over there, monsieur. That is he, with the violet hose. Arrange matters with him. It's his train. I have nothing to do with it."

'"The devil!" said Ponsot, heartily.

'But necessity knows no law. He had to be at Matadi in time to take the boat for Antwerp, and — like Henry IV — he thought that Antwerp was worth a mass. That is why he, Venerable and founder of the Masonic temple, might have been seen mildly accosting Monseigneur and explaining to him that, among Europeans — was n't it true, now? — everybody must stick with everybody else, and that he himself, in a similar situation —

'If you could have seen Omer! He was magnificent. Courteous, with an even, regretful voice — and yet quite rigid in his purpose! With what pleasure, he said, would he take along any of his compatriots, and especially M. Ponsot, whose excellent reputation had long ago reached his ears. But the special train had but a single car, and that car was filled, completely filled. Since he was compelled by the scantiness of the mission funds to live in the native fashion, the food-supplies which he carried for himself and the father who accompanied him took up all the room.

"Is that all, Monseigneur?" Ponsot had the hardihood to reply. "Then leave your *chocuangue* on the platform, and grant me the honor and the pleasure of being your quartermaster as far as Matadi."

'"Well," Monseigneur used to say when he told the story, "that seemed to me a satisfactory solution. We made the trip in the special train, the father and I, and M. Ponsot, Venerable of the Masonic lodge of Brazzaville was very agreeable to us — very agreeable, indeed. I am glad to render him that justice. And it did n't cost us a sou. It was a good stroke of business, as good as I could wish. Still, it might have been better. Just think! The company has never returned that 57 francs. I'll never forgive that station-master!"'

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JAPAN'S FOREIGN NEWS-SERVICE

BY DR. N. HANSEN

From *Die Grenzboten, August* 31
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

SEVERAL efforts have been made by the newspapers of Japan, within the past few years, to secure an independent news-service from abroad. Seven years ago the Reuter Bureau had an absolute monopoly of the Japanese news-market. Captain Brinkley, a brilliant but unscrupulous political writer, who was for more than forty years publisher of the Japan *Daily Mail*, and Tokyo representative of the London *Times*, was also Reuter's representative in that country. He had acquired an influence over public opinion there much stronger than that exercised in China by his colleague, Dr. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the *Times*. The truth is that Brinkley, with the help of these three agencies for influencing public opinion, did more to bring about the alliance between Japan and England than did Count Hayashi and the London cabinet. The full force of his personal influence was behind the press campaign which was systematically carried on against Germany in Japan between 1885 and 1905. His use of the Shimonoseki scandal, involving the Krupps, was only an episode in these political and commercial intrigues. Brinkley died before the war broke out. During the last years of his life he was the adviser of the Nippon Yusen Kaishi, a powerful, and at that time heavily subsidized, steamship company. The English had previously discovered, through their own agents, that he was receiving a yearly subvention of 240,000 *yen* from the Japanese government for promoting its interests in Great Britain.

Brinkley's successor as the Reuter representative in Japan, Mr. Pooly, was a more conscientious servant of truth regarding that country. In 1913, when he sent home a plain statement of Japan's financial condition and a caustic criticism of the government's machinations with its gold reserve, the Japanese authorities, after trying to buy him out without success, found him *persona non grata*. So, on January 1, 1914, he was called back to London.

Thereupon Reuter lost its preferred position in the Japanese newspaper world. The government decided to set up its own monopoly of telegraphic press news. Capital was supplied, partly by Japanese financiers and partly from the public treasury. But the Reuter service still proved indispensable. After Pooly, who was arrested at Tokyo, returned to England, where he was given a high administrative position at the head office of the company, Mr. Kennedy, who had previously been a representative of the American Associated Press, was put in charge of the Reuter Tokyo telegraph monopoly, at the instance of Mr. Mori, who represents the Japanese government's investment in the enterprise. Thereafter, Japan was aided in floating her loans at home and in Great Britain, and the financial section of the Reuter Bureau made large earnings; but public opinion in Japan and Great Britain was intentionally misled. Some of the leading

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Tokyo newspapers had, by this time, an independent cable-service with London. *Jiji* (the Times), *Asahi* (the Morning Sun), and *Nichi-Nichi* (the Daily Gazette) publicly announced that they would have nothing more to do with Reuter so long as Kennedy remained its Tokyo representative. A number of other newspapers canceled their contracts with the Reuter service, and obtained an increasing amount of their material through the American Associated Press, and the cable department of the East Asia Lloyds.

During the war, however, the three great newspapers we mentioned above — the first two of which print editions also in Osaka — became utterly dependent upon England. They did not even attempt to conceal the exclusively English origin of their articles, and one often received the impression, when reading their telegraphic columns, that the Reuter Bureau was using them to publish propaganda against Germany which it prudently avoided issuing under its own name.

But the influence of Reuter in the Japanese press world has waned perceptibly since the war. The Associated Press is a rival of growing strength. Its Manila branch supplies Japan with voluminous reports of economic and political events in North America and Europe. A private Japanese news-agency, established last spring, has an independent cable-service from Paris. So, on the whole, the Japanese newspapers are fairly well supplied from several sources with foreign matter. Provincial papers buy their news mostly from a Japanese agency, which is practically a branch of the Associated Press. The principal papers of the larger cities subscribe for both the Reuter and the Associated Press service. Most of them also have their own correspondents in London and Paris. These foreign representatives are still, in many cases, Englishmen or Americans. Nevertheless, there is an efficient corps of Japanese journalists in all the important world-centres, who keep the readers of their country well informed upon important events abroad.

Another important factor, however, comes into play here. The cost of telegrams from New York to Tokyo is still 76 *yen* a word, while the cost from London to Tokyo is only 35 *yen*. With the same expenditure of money, the English can deliver more than twice as much news to Japan as can the Americans. In fact, the English have not raised their charge for press-telegrams appreciably since before the war. At that time they were one shilling and threepence, and now they are one shilling and fourpence.

A regular reader of the leading Japanese newspapers soon discovers that the people of that country take a lively interest in foreign affairs, — particularly in what is occurring in Ireland and India, — and that they are abundantly supplied with information on those topics. I need cite only one or two examples to show how alert and 'on the job' the Japanese correspondents are. A Japanese journalist, Fuse, representing the Osaka *Mainichi*, was one of the first foreign correspondents to visit every important city of Central Europe immediately after the Armistice was signed. He even traveled through Soviet Russia, studied conditions in Moscow carefully, and then returned to Japan across Siberia.

When the *Manchester Guardian* scooped its contemporaries last spring by printing the characterizations of Wilhelm II in the unpublished third volume of Bismarck's *Thoughts and Memories*, all the important passages were at once wired to Tokyo.

Japanese correspondents and editors do not trouble themselves particularly to have their foreign dispatches, which

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are usually printed on the second page, conform with the editorial policy and leaders of the paper. Here odd instances of contradiction have occurred. A supplement editor or a market editor would take it very ill of the man who writes his paper's political leaders were the latter to interfere with his department. Late last May one of the principal Tokyo papers was advocating vigorously, in its editorial columns, friendlier relations between Japan and America, while, on the next page, it was publishing extremely irritating and sensational dispatches, describing the espionage practised by an American naval attaché in the principal shipyards of Japan, although the American had visited this establishment in full uniform and accompanied by Japanese officers. The Japanese Navy Department compelled this newspaper to publish a correction. It did so, but in the smallest of type, in the most obscure corner of its advertising section. As a rule Japanese correspondents, whether at home or abroad, prefer to tell their news in narrative style, rather than as terse statements of fact.

Both home and foreign news are still subject to censorship. Five classes of items are not permitted to be published, lest they 'disturb the peace of the land and threaten the existing order of society.' These five categories are: —

(1) Reports of political trials.

(2) Information concerning confidential government documents.

(3) Reports of certain meetings of public corporations.

(4) Dispatches which might arouse economic and political unrest.

(5) Reports and communications calculated to diminish the prestige of the Imperial family.

Every newspaper must deposit 2000 *yen* as a guaranty that it will not violate these provisions, and keeps a dummy editor to serve its jail sentences. Each new cabinet has promised to remove these oppressive censorship restrictions, which rest so heavily upon the public opinion of Japan; but so far no decisive steps in that direction have been taken. The result is that not infrequently matters which everybody knows about are never mentioned in the press; or they are referred to in an indirect way, that does not put much strain upon the reader's imagination.

Just now the Japanese censorship is conducting an especially vigorous campaign against what is called 'dangerous thinking.' Anything associated with Socialism and Bolshevism, no matter how indirectly, is excluded. For instance, the *Japanese Advertiser*, an American paper published in Tokyo, was forbidden to appear because it printed a proclamation issued by Japenese Socialists in Europe, expressing sympathy for the European revolution. The *Japan Chronicle*, a British paper printed in Kobe, was prohibited to be published for several weeks because it had printed the platform of the Socialist International. The responsible editor of the *Kobe Herald*, another English paper, in the same city, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment because he reprinted an article from a Peking newspaper in which the Mikado was referred to as 'inexperienced.' However, this English journalist left the country betimes, and so escaped serving his sentence.

A young professor of the Imperial University in Tokyo, who printed in a Japanese paper a matter-of-fact account of Prince Kropotkin's views and doctrines, had to serve a jail sentence of three months for his rashness. Obviously, therefore, the Japanese newspapers are not yet free agents in guiding and expressing public opinion.

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SELF-DETERMINATION: THREE EPISODES

BY MAJOR S. E. M. STOBART

From *The National Review, September*
(CONSERVATIVE MONTHLY)

I. 1915

THE wide open space in the centre of the village lay bathed in the bright moonlight, save where a gigantic rubber tree threw its shadows on the grass beneath. This was the meeting-place of the tribe, and on this night a council of importance was to be held; for the space was alive with dusky figures, some squatting silently in little groups, others moving from place to place and converging gradually on the spot where, on his stool beneath the tree, sat the chief Sanchu himself, preparing to preside over the deliberations of his tribe. From far away on the hills came the faint tap-tap of the signal drums. From the forest below came others, nearer, yet indistinct; on the hills above, a single muffled boom. Then silence, followed by a deep reverberating crash, as the council drum within the village sent forth its word that all were present and the council of the tribe assembled in full session.

First came the ceremony of propitiation, with the slaying of a black and a white cock, from which the blood was allowed to drip slowly into a wooden bowl held by the village priest and *juju* man. Into this bowl Sanchu himself, then each of his head councilors and subchiefs, grouped in semicircle round the stool, first dipped a forefinger, then lightly smeared the forehead with the blood. This ceremony finished, the bowl was handed back to Ayok, the juju man, who swallowed the remnant of the mixture in one gulp, then hurled the bowl far over the heads of the assembled councilors. Followed a brief silence, till the village drums once more crashed forth in unison and the council was thus formally opened.

Sanchu himself was the first to speak. He had assembled the tribe, he said, to discuss a weighty matter. The German District Commissioner had sent a messenger to say that German and English white men were at war; that the Germans would soon 'eat' the English and drive them into the sea; that all the men of the village, and of those villages which followed Sanchu, were required to report themselves at once for work as carriers or soldiers; that Sanchu himself was to bring them in to headquarters, while failure to do so would result in the destruction of the village and the shooting of Sanchu and his headmen. Only by a strategic retirement to the bush when the news arrived that a government messenger was approaching, had he, Sanchu, managed to evade a direct reply and gain time in which to consult the members of the tribe. What had they to say, he now inquired, and what answer should be sent upon the morrow?

Silence fell upon the assembled meeting when he had finished speaking. Presently, up rose an old and wizened patriarch, bent, apelike, and almost inhuman in his skinny nakedness. It was Ayok, the juju man — a relic of the past, but a source of lively terror to the present; for even the young men feared his spells and had perforce to listen to his words. This was his hour,

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and the quietness of the night was broken by a shrieking flood of speech.

'All white men are bad. Their ways are evil and their presence an offense' (here he spat viciously upon the ground). 'Let them fight among themselves. The more that are killed the better chance for a return of the good old days when the young men of the tribe went forth to war and returned with the heads of slaughtered enemies and with women and children as their slaves. No call in those good days for tax or carriers; the white man when he came brought many troubles, and now that they fight among themselves the black man's chance has come. Why side with German or with Englishman? Let the sacrificial customs be restored, and let the altars once more run with blood, that the neglected gods may once again look favorably upon the tribe of Sanchu.'

His place was taken by a tall and well-built pagan, a younger son of the chief, and one whose words evidently carried weight with the tribe. He, it appeared, knew the English and had worked in their country. He had even witnessed their landing in German territory some few weeks before, and had noted that none of the inhabitants had been molested, but that, on the contrary, the English had paid for all that they received and pressed no man as carrier against his will. In English country, he affirmed, a black man could get justice in a black man's court, or, failing that, could appeal to a European judge; while the soldier was punished equally with the peasant, and not allowed to rape and murder in the villages, as was the German custom. Moreover, he had spoken to the English Political Officer who had landed with the English soldiers, and the latter had told him that the Germans would shortly be driven from the country and the English would rule in their place.

The speech evidently made a deep impression, and others that followed were equally unanimous in expressions of dislike for the Geman régime, disinclination to risk anything on its behalf, and desire to verify the reports of British methods, which had evidently penetrated even to these remote villages. But a warning note was sounded by Chief Sanchu when he rose once again to address his people. The English, said he, might be all that he had heard of them. But it was well known that they did not come alone to fight against the Germans. Who could be sure that the English, who already owned much territory, would eventually remain in this part of the country if and when the Germans were expelled? Better, before committing themselves, temporize with the Germans, who were very strong and powerful, while finding out meanwhile whether the English would guarantee their safety in return for the assistance he was quite prepared to offer, and would give assurance as regards the future of the country. Meanwhile, let the women and children be hidden in the bush, and let the men remain warily on the farms, awaiting the result of the negotiations.

It was wise counsel, and met with the approval of all save the young unmarried men, who were for casting in their lot with the English at once. So the discussion lasted far into the night, and the moon had waned before the council finally broke up. But long ere this the general feeling of the meeting was quite evident; and gradually, by twos and threes, the more distant villagers departed and set off at a steady jog-trot for their far-off villages. By dawn the drums were speaking all along the hills, and midday saw every village in the district deserted, while the inhabitants, scattered among the ravines of the mountains and in the thickets of the forests, settled down to an uncomfort-

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able existence till the clouds of war should blow over.

Meanwhile, from the village of Sanchu two parties had set out. The one, consisting of a few old men accompanied by a uniformed and booted 'colored gentleman' (the German district messenger), made its way slowly through the hills toward the main German camp, which lay on the plateau close to the district capital. Sanchu himself was not included in the deputation. On the morning after the meeting a report that the chief was dying had been brought to the German messenger, though all the efforts of the latter to discover his actual whereabouts had proved unavailing and the story was palpably a lie. The messenger took no pains to disguise his disbelief; and it was with a full realization that their story would most certainly be discredited that the reluctant deputation set out upon their mission to the German District Commissioner.

When they reached his camp, on the morning of the second day, their forebodings were amply justified. The *Bezirksamtsman* lost no time in coming to the point. Where were the carriers whom he had ordered; where was Sanchu himself, and why had no supplies been brought in? he questioned angrily. The miserable deputation promised, protested, lied, and wiggled, all to no avail. The evidence of the messenger was absolutely damning. He had heard the council drums and formed a shrewd suspicion of what was going on; while the fact that he had spent two days wandering from village to village in search of what he knew he would not be allowed to find caused him to bear a grudge which he hastened to repay. Within half an hour of their arrival the deputation were in chains, with the cheerful knowledge that there they would remain, unless they were hanged meanwhile, till the carriers and supplies were forthcoming or Sanchu should offer himself as a sacrifice in their place. As they well knew that he had fully anticipated the present situation when he had picked them for the journey, their hopes in either case can hardly have been rosy.

The second party that had set out from Sanchu's village consisted of Akun, the chief's son, and some twenty leading men of the tribe. They traveled swiftly south through the forest, by bush paths and unfrequented ways known only to the hunters. By noon of the following day they had struck a broader track, and thereafter proceeded slowly and more cautiously. Suddenly, as they passed in single file across a clearing of the forest, shots rang out to right and left, and they found themselves surrounded by khaki-clad native troops. All except Akun turned and bolted like hares into the bush, where most of them promptly fell into the arms of the ambushed soldiers.

Akun stood his ground. He guessed, and guessed rightly, that he had struck an advanced patrol of the British force, which must have progressed rapidly since he had last heard of them some few days before. Mustering the few words of English that he knew, he shouted out a friendly salutation, and waved his arms in amicable fashion; till presently, seeing that the little party was quite unarmed and was evidently harmless, a European, followed by two native soldiers, emerged from the bush and advanced toward Akun.

The latter, as the British officer approached, burst into a flood of explanations, quite forgetful of the fact that his language was entirely unintelligible. The subaltern shrugged his shoulders. Calling to his native sergeant, who had followed closely and suspiciously, he told him to detail a couple of men to take charge of Akun and those of his companions who had not evaded cap-

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ture and conduct them to the Intelligence Officer, who was behind with the main body. Then he reformed his men, who had begun to emerge from the forest on all sides of the clearing, and the patrol continued once more its cautious forward movement.

Akun and his followers, escorted by the two soldiers, were not long in reaching the main British force, which was just about to bivouac for the night beside a stream. Under a gigantic baobab tree headquarters had already been established, and thither Akun was at once conducted. The Colonel, his Adjutant and the Political Officer, who acted also as Intelligence Officer, were seated together on a fallen log, watching the fatigue parties busily at work erecting grass shelters for the night, while the company officers superintended the digging of the perimeter trenches and the usual nightly routine of bush warfare. The Colonel was briefly informed regarding the meeting with the patrol and the circumstances under which Akun and his party had been encountered in the forest. The Intelligence Officer then addressed Akun.

Akun, it was explained, was the son of a neighboring chief whose country was at present held by the Germans, but who wanted to join the English and assist them. Some of the people, however, were afraid, and wished to see the English for themselves, and obtain promises of protection in return for the help which they were prepared to give. Therefore, Akun and his party had come to see the English commander, and were on their way to do so when they had met the patrol.

The purport of all this was duly interpreted to the Colonel, who, doubtful of the reliability of Akun's protestations or the wisdom of accepting his proposals, proceeded closely to question the Intelligence Officer regarding his view of the matter. The latter had formed his own conclusions on the subject, but no risks could be taken in a case such as this, as there was always the possibility that the men were merely spies and their mission an entirely bogus one. He advised, therefore, postponement of a decision till the arrival of certain of his agents, whose return was due at any moment, and who would be in a position to report the general situation prevailing among the tribes ahead. So Akun and his followers were sent off under guard to the intelligence lines, where they were given food and made comfortable for the night.

Next day the column continued to advance, and during the midday halt all doubts concerning the *bona fides* of the Sanchu deputation were set at rest. For the outlying pickets brought in one of the British intelligence agents who, in the course of his wanderings in the enemy territory, had actually stayed in Sanchu's village and been present at the council of the tribe. Being in ignorance of the fact that Akun was already in the British camp, he was able to confirm all that the latter had said regarding the decision of the tribe and the genuine character of their proposals. Incidentally, he gave a vivid description of the meeting, to attend which he had certainly risked his life.

That evening, therefore, when the column reached camp, after a long and tiring march, during which the advance-guards had more than once been in touch with enemy patrols, Akun and his party were again brought before the Colonel. The latter informed them that he was prepared to accept the offer of supplies and guides as soon as he should reach Sanchu's country. Later he might also ask for carriers. All supplies would be bought at current market rates, for cash, while the guides would be paid the ordinary soldier's wage, plus rewards for good service, but

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with the certainty of death in case of treachery. Akun and all except two of his party would remain with the column till it reached Sanchu's territory, while two of them would return at once and inform Sanchu of all that had occurred. In three days' time these two men would return to the column, with guides who knew all the forest paths and the tracks which led through the mountains to the main German positions. In return for this assistance he promised them the protection of the British flag as soon as the Germans had been driven from their country, and assured them that they need feel no anxiety concerning the future of the country, for 'where the English flag once flew, there it remained forever.'

Next morning, long before dawn, two men were passed silently through the pickets and allowed to slip away unchallenged into the forest. And three days later one of them returned with the promised guides and Sanchu himself, who came to greet the British on the border of his country.

The events of the days that followed need no description. Bush warfare in Africa is a dreary business, with a maximum of discomfort and danger and a minimum of glory attached. Sufficient to say that, after a fortnight of continuous fighting, the British force, ascending the hills by paths known only to Sanchu's hunters, succeeded in outflanking the German forces, shattered their main body, and occupied a territory approximately the size of Wales. Unfortunately, during the operations a wandering German patrol, guided either by chance or possibly some malcontent, had raided Sanchu's village, whither he had unwisely and prematurely returned, captured him, together with some of the women and younger children, and secured a belated revenge by an orgy of general and promiscuous slaughter.

Gradually, however, such raiding parties were rounded up; and, as the danger was removed, the villagers returned to their homes and farms, while large numbers of the younger men, tempted by the good pay, joined the British as carriers on the lines of communication. Food-supplies of all kinds were brought in to the columns passing on their way up-country, and never had the villagers enjoyed such a period of prosperity. For, to their immense surprise, everything was paid for in cash, no roving bands of soldiers unaccompanied by a European were allowed to requisition food or women or whatever they required, as had been the German custom, and a native court was established, in which the people were allowed to try their own cases, subject to appeal to the British Political Officer. Akun reigned in his father's place, and a happy and peaceful future appeared to be assured for him and his people.

II. 1917

Superbly situated on rising ground amid the grassy undulating uplands of the plateau, the former German capital lay basking in the morning sun. The great gates north and south, which led into the fort, had fallen down. The walls themselves in places had collapsed, and the dense cactus fence outside had been cut down, as being an eyesore and a totally unnecessary protection. On the parade ground inside the fort a squad of native police drilled energetically, but indifferently, under the orders of a native N.C.O. These, together with a half-company of native troops, represented the total force considered necessary under the new régime for the control of a territory which formerly four companies of Prussian-drilled native troops with guns, European personnel, and an elaborately built fort had been insufficient to overawe.

Slightly apart from the other buildings stood the District Commissioner's

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house, with the court house, offices, and clerks' quarters a hundred yards or so beyond. This morning the space in front of the court was alive with humanity, and every few minutes fresh units were added to the crowd. Along the roads and paths converging on the station came strings of stalwart, gayly decked natives, jogging along in single file, and headed in each case by their chief or village headman.

Just before noon the sound of trumpets coming down the valley heralded the approach of the Mohammedan contingent, some fifty or sixty white-robed, turbaned horsemen, who amply made up in noise what, owing to the smallness of their community, their deputation necessarily lacked in numbers. By the time they had dismounted and settled themselves on the space allotted to them, the midday bugle had sounded. As the last note died away, a half-company of native troops in full parade kit swung out of the fort, marched up the road leading to the court house, and smartly took up position immediately to the right of the flagstaff; while a section of the locally raised police, in brand new uniforms and looking extremely self-conscious, fell in in the corresponding position on the left.

Followed a few minutes' pause. Then the Political Officer emerged from his house, followed by orderly and interpreter, crossed over to the court house and mounted the platform built of sun-dried brick from which the flagstaff rose. The troops and police came quickly to attention. A bugle blew loudly, if discordantly, and silence fell upon the assembly, while the Political Officer proceeded to deliver his address.

Speaking at first in a native language, then repeating his words in English through the interpreter, he announced that the war was over, the Germans thoroughly beaten, and reduced to beg for peace on whatever terms they could get. Not a German now remained in Africa. The English had carried out their promises and driven them into the sea. And now the English King sent greetings to all those who had fought for him and to those new subjects of his who had formerly acknowledged Germans as their masters. He had said that no man should be compelled to live save under the flag which he might choose, that no black man should be ruled save by the European nation whom he might agree to follow. The people of the country had decided that they wished to follow the English King, and their petitions and requests had been sent to him. Let them now trust in his promises, and meanwhile continue to obey the laws and listen to the words of his officers.

Thus, briefly, was described the policy of self-determination as laid down by the peace treaty. And those who heard were fully satisfied. When, at the conclusion of the speech, the Union Jack was slowly hoisted, the bugler blew the salute and the troops presented arms, the assembled concourse yelled and cheered.

III. 1919

For weeks the super-politicians had been busy creating new maps of a new world-to-be. Europe and Asia, each in turn, had been assigned among the horde of hungry claimants, to the more vocal the larger slices, to the humbler suppliants the lesser shares. The feast was nearly over; only Africa remained. And the super-politicians doubtless sighed with deep relief, for had not the division of her carcass already been arranged and the toothsome portions assigned among the hosts themselves? No painful protestations, no indiscreet and forcible objections were likely to arise from Africa. 'Self-determination,' that sometimes awkward phrase, could be discreetly dropped. Instead, the

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word 'mandate' would surely meet all possible objections. And so, to work. Carve, cut and slice. Give here, take there. What matter trifles like geography, tribal divisions, promises, protests, or the like!

Once more the drums resound along the hills, and once again the people are assembled in the village meeting-place. This time a tent stands pitched beneath the council tree, and, seated in the foreground, the Political Officer endeavors to explain this new and astonishing order of the British Government. No word is said as he expresses his wishes for their welfare under the foreign power to whom their country is to be handed over, and the hope that they will continue to remain as quiet and law-abiding as heretofore. But deep murmurs of disapproval greet the announcement that the British are leaving the country for good, and that henceforth no communications must be addressed to them. Furtive distrust and blank amazement predominate in that assembly; and when Akun the chief demands a reason for this sudden decision, the assembled tribe waits breathless for the answer.

But reasons there are none,—at least that seem suitable of explanation,—and the people have to rest content with ill-expressed and little heeded generalities.

And so next day the Political Officer moves off to carry his unwelcome tidings to the neighboring tribes. The villagers accompany him despondently for miles upon his way. And when, after his departure, the Union Jack is hauled down from the pole in front of the chief's house, where it has hung ever since the British occupation, there falls with it all trust in white men's promises, and in the black man's heart springs up a bitter sense of disillusion which many years will not eradicate.

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'HELLO YANK'

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

[*Mr. Sherwood Anderson, author of* Poor White *and* Winesburg, Ohio, *is now in England where these two books are to be published next season. He has had a varied career as laborer, soldier, business man, and writer.*]

From *The Saturday Review, August 6*
(English Tory Weekly)

Ever since I crossed the Channel from France, and came, on a bright Sunday morning, through Southampton into England, I've been asking myself a question. You must understand that I am a man past forty, and an American who has never before set foot on English soil. I am a writer and, as is natural in one of my trade, have been trying all my life to catch and understand a little, and put down in words, my own impressions and feelings at vital moments of my life.

There is no doubt that I am a typical American. An American friend who, a few days ago, met me slouching through the streets of Oxford, spoke of me as representing to his mind Rip Van Winkle before the time of the great sleep. 'At least, seeing you here in England brings into my mind any number of historic American characters,' he explained. Later he named several, all unfortunately disreputable ones.

It is, no doubt, true. I am a typical American. There is no escape. Before me the traditional English reserve goes all to pieces. Perhaps the coming over here of so many American soldier boys had something to do with that. At any rate, people shout at me on the streets. 'Hello, Yank!' they say. Night after night I have walked in the streets of London and had it happen. It has been shouted at me in Piccadilly, in Whitechapel, on London Bridge. Little London street-women have whispered it at me as I walked at night through Trafalgar Square, busmen have grinned and said it as they collected my fare, beggars have whined it, the sellers of newspapers have shouted it after me; and, when I have turned and tried to stare all these people down, they have only winked and laughed.

All right then, being the typical American and accepting even the Yank, — although I'm not a Yank at all, but a Mid-American, an Ohio and Illinois man, which has about as much to do with being a Yank as being an English inn-keeper has to do with being a Frenchman, — nevertheless, I say, accepting the Yank and only calling back at them 'Hello yourself, you Johnny Bull,' I've been trying to think my way through something ever since I landed in England.

What is the American attitude toward England and Englishmen?

And that really means, why is there always a little sore spot that keeps asserting itself when we want to warm up to you?

Before I go any deeper into this somewhat tangled affair, let me say that I do not believe it is political. In spite of all the things our newspapers and politicians say about the voice of a free people expressing itself through the ballot, most Americans are not, I believe, politically minded. When we

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think of you English people, we do not think of the Irish question or of any trouble you may be having in some one or a dozen of your colonial possessions. We think of you as English people living in England.

Just at first, when I had but newly landed on your island and had been here but two or three days, I thought I knew just how I felt. I made for myself one of those broad, strong phrases that are so satisfactory at first and so unsatisfactory later. At first, the phrase made me proud and glad and chesty. It seemed so complete and clever.

'I love England and dislike the English.' That was the phrase I made; and at first it seemed to fill me up and make me feel warm and self-satisfied and manly, like drinking a quart of good English ale.

And then the little devils of doubt came creeping in. I kept meeting individual Englishmen and English women I did like. I have n't met one yet I could dislike, as an individual. Now I am beginning to wonder if the feeling I have could not be expressed in some such manner as this — that what I dislike in the English as a people, and what all Americans dislike, is that you seem to think you know us because we are your sons. We are n't at all, you know. That phase of our American life has passed. It is gone for ever. The pioneer days are gone in America. The sons of the pioneers have passed into the making of the new American, and the daughters and granddaughters of these men are for the most part dying or going insane with loneliness and repression in the barren New England hills. They are really, you see, the last of the Yanks.

As regards England, you must understand that we Americans, no matter what our blood may be — and it is much more likely to be a somewhat wild mixture of the blood of all the races than English blood — we are, I say, as regards England, in a somewhat peculiar position. We speak, read and write your language, all of us. You've got us there. A bond has been created that it will take a great deal of pulling and straining in opposite directions to break. But the bond that exists between us to-day is a spiritual and an intellectual bond. It is no longer a blood bond.

That is a thing I believe most English people do not understand. Let me illustrate.

I think the statement I have just made above — that we Americans speak, read and write the English language — would be challenged by a great many, perhaps by the majority of Englishmen. The difficulty is that too often the challenge would also be a taunt, and my point is that the taunt is unnecessary. It may be that we Americans are but corrupting a fine old language, but on the other hand it is just possible that we are making a new language, enriched by our own experiences of life in field, town, and factory. At any rate it is true that any number of the younger American writers would not be at all hurt by the accusation that they do not write good English, while to say of them that they do not write good American would make them at once sit up and listen.

The truth is that all of us over there, Russians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Scandinavians, Germans, Irish, Scottish, English, do in a truly amazing short time stop being all of these things, and we do become American. Something happens to us, and, if we chance to escape, it inevitably happens to our children.

I have, you see, named all of the races above, and that is only a part of them, and I have put England last because, in fact, in a modern American city or town, in Chicago, St. Louis,

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Boston, Cincinnati, or in smaller places, like Springfield, Ohio, or Kalamazoo, Michigan, English blood is one of the thinnest streams now flowing into the great river of American life.

But we speak, write, and read the English language and, the sons of all these races go to the public schools where they are taught to look up to and venerate your great English poets, dramatists and novelists. What a truly unbelievable assortment of Italian, Irish, German, Scandinavian and Polish boys have sat under trees near American factory towns to read 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'Oliver Twist,' and 'Ivanhoe,' while they dreamed of England and English life!

The effect in a spiritual sense might be something quite magical. It isn't, because of that little sore spot.

There is a struggle going on in America. No one quite understands it yet, although books and articles are constantly being written on the subject. We hope, many of us, that a quite distinct culture is being born, but we do not know yet what it will be like and we do not fancy the feeling we get from so many Englishmen that they think they do know.

For example, what one of your English writers has ever come to us in a really inquiring mood? They come, get off the boat at New York, are asked at once by a reporter what they think of America, then they go on a lecture tour, make some money, and come home to write articles for American magazines regarding their impressions.

The thing that we half-haltingly hope is growing up in America is of vital interest to some of us over there. Because of the spiritual bond always being renewed between England and America and because of our use of one language, we do look to you for a kind of brotherhood that, on the whole, we feel we do not get.

You see I am accusing you English of a kind of smugness in your attitude toward America. I think it exists because we do use the same language and because there has been in the attitude of many Americans, toward at least your more cultured Englishmen, what must often have looked like social and intellectual boot-licking. It may sometimes have been that and then, quite often, it may have been something else.

There is something childlike about us. I wish you would understand that. Even our sometimes offensive boasting about our mechanical progress and our wealth is child's boasting. We are dreadfully unsure. People who are sure do not need to boast.

One of our least known and perhaps crudest of American poets some time ago published a poem. One got a picture of him standing on a bridge over the Chicago River. About him was the smoke, the roar, the terrible rush of the modern American city. He at least realized that the black figures of men rushing past him were not men of a race that is made and that can be easily understood. After one line in which he cries,

> By God, we'll love each other or die trying,

he ends his poem with these two lines:—

> We'll come to understand too,
> In some grim way our own song shall come through.

'Hello, Yank, what about England?'

You see, I am trying to answer that question by a plea. It may be that you English are a made people, that you understand each other, and understand what you want out of your English life.

But I do think that, if I am right in my suspicions regarding your sureness as to what American life is, you are making a mistake, and that the mistake if it goes on, will in the end do much to shred and make weak the bond that now exists between our two peoples.

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HEROINES OF THE FILM

BY HENRY ARTHUR JONES

[This discussion of the photo-play and its interpreters has especial interest as coming from one of the best-known contemporary British dramatists.]

From *The Times, August* 29, 30
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

WHO are the most popular personalities in England to-day; the most cherished companions of the people's leisure, the most familiar forms that beset their daily memories? Who are these that come captivating us from the golden gates and cloudless blue of the Far West — this new generation of silent sirens, begotten by the swift magic of the camera, and who, though bereft of the old seductions of speech and song, do yet most potently enthrall our multitudes in every town, ravishing and titillating the common imagination with allurements of dumb mimicry, and streaking the vast expanses of our drab modernity with ultra-rainbow rays of romance?

It is a curious by-result of the war and the concurrent development of what is too prosaically called 'the film industry,' that a group of American star 'movie' actresses are to-day the best-known public figures in England, the most easily recognized, the most widely admired by our populace. Siddons and Rachel and our adorable Ellen Terry drew their thousands; but these new enchantresses gather their captives in sheaves of millions.

Our English film-producers were cruelly disadvantaged by the war, and have scarcely yet recovered from its disabilities and restrictions. They are showing us most interesting and conscientious work. The very best that is turned out from English studios may court a comparison with the best American productions; and English pictures of English society are not the queer incredibilities so often exhibited on the American screen. But our English films seem at present to lack the dashing, devouring enterprise of the American producers.

Again, film-acting, as distinguished from play-acting, has not yet reached a high general level in England. For the most part, our film-actors are still on the stage rather than *in* the film. We have our accomplished and attractive English film-actresses, whom I here salute and felicitate. But English actresses do not seem to take so naturally and incisively to the technique of the film. Nor do they as yet number one to ten of the American charmers. We may hope to see these defects and immaturities remedied as the paralyzing handicap of the war is gradually lightened.

A few weeks ago I was sitting in a cheap seat in a London suburban cinema. The title of the play of the week was announced on the screen. Then followed the name of the leading performer, one of the best-known American star film-actresses. In the darkened hush from the seat behind me, I heard an excited, delighted chirp from some little Cockney maiden of fifteen to her girl friend: —

'Oh, it's ——. *We know her!*'

I will not mention the name of the actress. It would be invidious, super-

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fluous, for me to 'feature' any particular one of that celestial bevy whose features will be 'featured' in a thousand picture palaces to-night, the wide world over. I will not single her out from the seven-times magnified constellation of her sister Pleiads, the cynosure of the groveling under-world, whose names are writ large upon the star-spangled banner of filmdom.

In how many hundreds of our English picture houses are crowds of gratified spectators affectionately claiming intimate acquaintance with — let the names slip haphazard off my pen with no selection in order of beauty or merit — Elsie Ferguson, Mae Murray, Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Betty Compson, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Lilian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Ethel Clayton, Pauline Frederick, Shirley Mason, Dorothy Dalton, Theda Bara, with all the rest of the starry sisterhood, equal with them in weekly recompense of well-earned dollars, and equal with them in ascription of world renown.

'Oh, it's ——. *We know her!*'

I am quite sure the little Cockney damsel did not in any rigid literal-sense 'know' that luminary of the film, whose orbit was so far removed from her own. Yet who so indisputably may claim that he 'knows' Ursa Major as the shepherd, from his long nightly gazing and companionship from afar?

There is no gauge of the popularity of the favorites of the film. They take the wings of the morning and compass the uttermost parts of the earth. Other celebrities we chiefly know by name; and from occasional cuts in the illustrated papers we form some more or less authentic image of their faces and outer semblances. But with none of them are the masses of our people on such terms of everyday intimacy as with the heroines of the film. When the lineaments of other world-known characters are thrown upon the screen, we do not excitedly cry out that we know them. Nor, indeed, do we 'know' them in the sense that the suburban Cockney maiden 'knew' her adored film-actress, with a feeling of personal affection, as the shepherd knows his Ursa Major and Orion.

Ye are so near and yet so far, meteoric, ubiquitous, multifulgent, conspicuous, world-featured daughters of the film! Though we 'know' you, we have no access to you. We cannot wait outside the stage-door to catch a passing glimpse of you after the play is done, as in the nights of our hot youth we were wont to besiege the flesh-and-blood heroines of the older drama. We cannot make advances to you, even the most respectful. You are as impalpable to our clasping as the dagger to Macbeth. No more corporeal substance have you than fabled nymphs and dryads. You have but two dimensions, a discrepancy that needs to be settled with Einstein.

Every way you elude us. Though we shout ourselves hoarse, you are deaf to our plaudits; and though we ravage Covent Garden, we can lay no bouquets at your feet. There is something disdainful in your remoteness. How neglectful you are of our homage! The while we are waiting in our tens of thousands in hushed expectancy for your appearance, or with breathless sympathy are watching your strange adventures and wondering what you will do next, you who have called us together in packed assemblies to honor you, absent yourselves from every convocation, and, disregardful of the tumults of feeling you are rousing in every town in England, bestow yourselves in heartless unconcern on the other side of the Atlantic.

No troop of public characters who have crossed this world's great stage has approached you in this perfection

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of aloofness and detachment, O far-removed inaccessible heroines of the film! Though you are the show and gaze of the time, you remain sequestered, inviolable from any intrusion of your worshipers.

One great advantage you have over your sisters of the spoken drama. You are never stale or perfunctory; you never slack through a part. Innumerable daily performances in all parts of the earth do not tire you. Each time you enter upon the scene with undiminished zest for your part; your eyes lose not their sparkle, or your steps their lightness, or your features their elastic play. Inexhaustible animation is your birthright, and sempiternal vivacity that knows neither rest nor fatigue.

You never offend us with careless diction or faulty emphasis. 'O that those lips had language!' sighed Cowper, but we who take note of the prevalent elocution upon our modern stage and know what music there is in Shakespeare's iambics are often constrained to groan, 'O that those lips kept silence!'

Strange sayings and uncouth banalities are printed on the screen, pretending to be your utterances in situations that may well drive any heroine to excruciating cacoëpy. But we do not accept them as your veritable expressions in trying circumstances. We do not credit that they really issue from that too-perfect Cupid's bow of your lips. We know that they are the sublimated metaphysics of the caption writer.

We will allow you large liberties of convention. We will not too curiously observe that, in the fierce light that beats upon your thrones, your complexions are as chalk and your lips as polished blacking. More becoming to you is this sober livery of visage than the flaunting vermilion of variety and revue. More becoming to you is the unbroken silence of your tongues than the idiot quips and jests of our national form of spoken drama. These austerities of your art are tokens of its dignity and high seriousness — compared with musical comedy and revue.

Sauntering by the House of Fame the other day, I stopped under its portico to gossip with its janitor, an imposing personage in classic robes, with whom I am proud to claim a speaking acquaintance. I asked him if the authorities within were aware of the enormous vogue of the film, and whether they had taken any steps to provide accommodation for film-actors, actresses and writers. The janitor gathered his features into a stupendous frown and became speechless. I explained to him that, as the laws of the English theatre disqualify an English dramatist for admission to the House of Fame, and that as English men of letters, by an overwhelming majority, have decided that modern English dramatists cannot enter its portals in their company, I had been nursing a hope that the faculty would take pity on our hard case and make a new consolatory rule to frank a few of us by the side-door, as writers of film-plays.

The janitor sternly and emphatically shook his head and assured me that there was not the least chance that my application would be so much as considered. Their available space was already overcrowded, and they had grave doubts whether even some of the recipients of the new honors might not have to be turned away. They are terribly conservative in the House of Fame — a nest of obstinate Tories who have no respect for the nominations of democracies.

I accepted the rebuff of the janitor in a meek spirit. I allowed that writers of film-plays were no more eligible for immortality than modern English dramatists. But I made a stand on behalf of the heroines of the picture-play, and

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begged that a few niches might be reserved these pan-popular adorabilities. I quoted to the janitor Rossetti's 'Beauty like hers is genius' — a line which sometimes guides the selection of leading ladies in the theatre. The janitor showed an impatient disinclination to continue the interview. With a magnificent classical gesture of scorn, he waved me to the House of Publicity, next door, and curtly advised me to address myself to the authorities there, who, he said, were enlarging their establishment to meet modern requirements.

I descended the marble steps, more than a little discouraged. The House of Publicity harbors such a very mixed company. Its occupants are so very much like the paying guests at a seaside boarding-house. None of them stays for more than a few weeks. I have no foolish personal dignity. I have written for the English theatre for forty-two years, and this induces, nay enforces, a becoming modesty and Christian humility. But, frankly, I did not like the idea of taking up my residence in the House of Publicity. I resented the janitor's suggestion, even more on your behalf, O queens of the film, than on my own. Why should you smirch the glittering newness of your royalty, and huddle and herd among the speckled ruck that jostle each other to obtain a fortnight's precarious maintenance in the jerry-built House of Publicity? Is there no higher destiny reserved for you, O universal darlings of all this populated earth?

I walked meditatively round the House of Fame. Behind its back wall I discovered an unused stretch of waste ground. Now could n't we seize this vacant plot, to put up a cosy little annex to the House of Fame, to be rigidly reserved for approved film-actors and actresses and writers of film-plays? We could guard its entrance as vigilantly as are guarded the neighboring more stately portals. For my part, I would much rather spend eternity in your company than in the company of the selfish old curmudgeons who have taken possession of the House of Fame. And I'll wager that as soon as the old fogeys next door know that you are installed so near, some of them will get discontented with their quarters and will be sneaking round to beg admission to our circle. We won't let them in, will we!

What say you to this chapel of immortal ease, wherein your memories shall be preserved when you have ceased to silhouette in the world's picture palaces, and are 'featured' no more upon the flaming posters outside? What say you, O fair ones, O adored ones, omnipresent, elusory, obmutescent, figmentary, phantasmatic, transatlantic Dulcineas of the film?

Shadows you are. Shadows we all are; tenuities thrown upon a screen to pose and mimic and gesticulate for an hour in dark surroundings, shut away from any glimpse or ken of abiding realities. Shadows we all are, stuff of the camera, hieroglyphs upon this over-scribbled palimpsest and indecipherable scroll of time. 'What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!' said Burke. Have you less substance, less permanence, shadowy heroines of the film, than the shadows that men pursue in the world outside picture palaces? Take pride, disembodied enchantresses, that, shadows though you are, the populations of the world find their daily delight in pursuing you. To you and to all of us, the fiat sounds — 'Come like shadows, so depart!'

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THE BOLSHEVIK

BY N. S. TIKHOMIROV

From *Petrograd Gryadushcheye*, No. 10 for 1920
(Monthly Literary Magazine for Proletarian Culture)

The sun was slowly sinking behind the irregular outlines of the pine forest. A Red Army soldier, with a wooden stump instead of one of his legs, was slowly walking along the dusty road, a bag slung over his shoulder. The soldier was passing through familiar scenes. The river far ahead seemed like a blue ribbon. The windmill of his native village stood poised on its bank, its wings raised as if for flight.

'I suppose they are not expecting a guest now,' he thought. His wooden leg thumped an accompaniment to his reflections. His heart beat faster as he entered the village. When he approached his own home, he heard the wail of a child from the entrance.

'Hello, Natasha,' he greeted his wife, as he entered.

'Alyosha! Lord in Heaven!' The young woman hastened to embrace him and kissed him passionately.

'This is a surprise. We did n't even know whether you were alive or not. Have n't had any letters from you. And the baby is ill all the time. Nothing left of him. And used to be just like you. There's no life at all here, Alyosha,' she began. But she paused abruptly and merely pressed her face against her husband's shoulder. She took the crying child out of the crib and held him close to her husband's face. Thin little arms were danced in front of the soldier's eyes; tiny hands caught at his beard and moustache.

'Not much to look at,' he said quietly.

They entered the hut.

'I've brought you a guest, mother.'

'A guest? Alexis?' The mother threw her arms around the soldier's neck and burst out crying. Then she glanced at the wooden stump and burst out: 'And that leg of yours shot off? Gave you a wooden one, instead. And why did they maim you — what for? Started a war with their own people, the Herods! That's what we 've come to!'

They lighted a wood-splinter and flickers of light began to dance over the walls and the windows. Soon a samovar appeared on the table. Pieces of red-hot charcoal glowed, like the eyes of a cat, from its little grate. A fumbling noise at the door announced a new arrival. A tall bearded peasant, barefooted and hatless, entered the room. Father and son kissed each other in greeting.

'Well, have you had enough of fighting?' asked the father. 'Left a leg with the Whites, the devil take them! What a time, when brothers kill and maim each other. And it's all because of those comrades of yours. What did you want to go into that party for, Alexis? To shame your old parents? And everything you are doing is just topsy-turvy. Brought a girl into the house and would n't go to church with her to be married. Got a child to increase that damned Bolshevik tribe. And you live just like a pagan. Would n't go to church or even look at the priests. You ought to be ashamed, before good people at least.'

'Don't start up the old song, father

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Life is different now. The revolution burned up all the old laws and wrote new ones. Let us live according to them. And as for priests, we don't go in the same direction.'

'Yes; how can you, pagans, be friendly with the priests? All you know is to drag around and sneer at the holy relics. They say there was a case when a Bolshevik lost his eyesight and got his arms and hands all paralyzed doing that.'

'That's just stories. Old bricks and bones can't hurt you; no use expecting miracles from them, either. And I was fighting against the bloodsuckers of the people, not against our brethern. I lost a leg, but I was fighting for the people and for a better life.'

Alexis's eyes were flashing. His wife, Natasha, was busy with the dishes. Then she sat down next to him and looking lovingly into his face, said quietly: —

'They call Shurka a Bolshevik. They don't like the child — call him a snake. And is he to blame?' Natasha sighed heavily.

'We 'd have nothing against it if it were legitimate,' said the old woman. 'But this way, it's just a Bolshevik, a pagan out of wedlock.'

'Don't talk nonsense, mother. The child is only a year old, and you call it a pagan,' said Natasha.

'You two are praying all the time and then torture a tiny child. Is that what your God wants you to do?'

'You keep still there, with your wooden stump. You are not old enough to teach your father and mother,' said the old man, angrily pushing his teacup away.

'And I say it is n't right to torture a woman and a baby,' said Alexis, getting up from the table and dragging his wooden leg.

'You are all too smart nowadays. All the old people are fools, according to you. But the old people had everything, and what have you? Freedom — comrades —'

The old man spat on the floor, angrily.

The splinter went out. The old man was muttering and moving about. The old woman was mumbling the words of a prayer. The child cried and wailed in the crib. Nataska and her husband were whispering in their corner.

'Shurka is sure to die. Mother gave him that cold when she washed him once.'

'Yes, I can see, Natasha. They know how to pray to God. But you can't blame them, it's all their prejudice and ignorance.

Darkness enveloped everything. It seemed to be swinging the crib on its still waves. In the hut, the old man coughed intermittently; the old woman mumbled something in her sleep; a mouse was scratching in a corner. Invisible creatures were moving along the walls and the ceiling. It was raining outside, and in the entrance, a woman was bending over the cradle. She was weeping, and her wailing mingled with the groaning of the child. In the cold gray of the early dawn a rooster crowed. Others answered him, and the echo reverberated at a distance. The child was still groaning. The woman was still bending over the cradle. The old man came out of the hut.

'So, the orator is quiet now,' he mumbled, looking at the cradle.

'He is dying,' replied Natasha.

Well, why don't you take him into the room and lay him under the icon and light a candle? Let him die, at least, Christian fashion. And put a cross on him, woman, so that death will be easier. That's the way life runs. God has blown on him, and the Bolshevik is done with his oratory.'

The little Bolshevik ceased groaning. The spectre of death was flitting through his wide open eyes. The little chest rose and fell more and more slowly —

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A few hours later, the Bolshevik lay in the corner of the hut. He was wrapped in a red shirt. His face looked like that of a doll. The yellow flame of a candle was casting uncertain shadows. The old man was making a coffin. And as he worked, he whispered in the direction of the tiny body: —

'I 'll make a real coffin for you. And you forgive us because we were so hard on you. We are all in sin. Your father and mother went against God, and you were born out of the law, so the old woman and I did n't like you.' Bluish dusk was stealing into the room.

The next day the Bolshevik lay in the coffin. The old woman bent over him, looking at her dead grandson. Her thin hands touched the tiny body. Tears rolled out of her deep-sunken eyes and crawled like worms over her cheeks.

'It was I who killed you, little angel,' she was saying. 'I called you a Bolshevik and hated you. All my fault it was.' She covered her face with her hands and dropped down on a bench.

'That's the sort of Christians we are,' the old man took up her wail. 'We pray to God, and now we've killed a poor innocent child. Alexis is right — it's all our ignorance.'

The moon spread its molten silver over the night sky; the darkness strove to hide in the corners of the hut.

JUNE FLIGHT

BY DORA WELLS

[The Spectator]

THERE is no swifter thing in light
Than the twin birds' flight.
When with such airy grace
They cleave th' ethereal space,
Sudden as meteors dropping thro' the dark,
And leaving in their track no trailing spark,
They flash, like crescent scimitars afar —
Dreamlike, they were; but who shall say they are?

Mercurial divers, shattering summer air,
Appearing now, but now to disappear;
Sinking like plummets in the green abyss,
Whose bosky harborage they never miss,
Soundless they leave the sun-drowsed world apart,
Into a quivering sea of green to dart;
Soon in some dim, umbrageous citadel
Their age-old tale of leafy loves to tell.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SPENDTHRIFT

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

[*The New Witness*]

O WIND, you are a spendthrift,
To scatter so much gold;
You've squandered all my savings
Amassed from wood and wold.

The garnets of the rowan,
The copper of the beach,
The amber of the maple
Are now beyond my reach.

You crept into the valley,
With silent, slinking stealth;
And then with wild extravagance,
You wasted all my wealth.

On finding so much treasure,
You raised your voice in glee;
And now no leaf remaineth
Upon each naked tree.

O Wind, my spendthrift playmate,
'T was wrong to take my gold;
For now my lovely valley
Is very bare and cold.

THE RUIN

BY RICHARD HUGHES

[*The Spectator*]

GONE are the colored princes: gone echo: gone laughter.
Drips the blank roof: and the moss creeps after.

Dead is the crumbled chimney; all mellowed to rotting
The wall-tints, and the floor-tints, from the spotting
Of rain; from wind, and the slow appetite
Of patient mould, and of the worms that bite
At beauty all their innumerable lives.
But the sudden nip of knives;
The lady aching for her stiffening lord;
The passionate-fearful bride,
And beaded pallor clamped to the torment board;
Leave they no ghosts, no memories by the stairs?
No sheeted glimmer treading floorless ways?
No haunting melody of lovers' airs,
Nor stealthy chill upon the noon of days?

No: for the crumbling walls have long forgotten
What passionate hearts beneath the grass lie rotten.

Only from roofs and chimneys pleasantly sliding
Tumbles the rain in the early hours;
Patters its thousand feet on the flowers,
Cools its small gray feet in the grasses.

DAISIES

BY A. A. LE M. S.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

HUMBLE daisies do not fear
The footsteps of the changing year:
They are too low to feel them there.

The straight and haughty lily-train
Is arched and ruinous after rain;
But daisies will perk up again.

The daisy, closer to the earth,
Knows more of simple happy mirth,
And simple laughter is most worth.

Then I will build a little cot
And plant it round with bergamot,
With almond and forget-me-not:

But I will have a lawn behind
With nothing but the daisy kind,
The sisters of a simple mind.

There will I live, and when I die,
But in a shallow grave I'll lie,
To bear the daisies company.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A FILM CELEBRITY ABROAD

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN — he of the feet and the moustache — is taken more seriously abroad than in the United States, in spite of his undeniable popularity here. A radical labor newspaper, the London *Daily Herald*, upon the occasion of his return to England, has actually had a study of his life made, with all the sober seriousness of Sir Sidney Lee investigating Shakespeare, and treats its readers to a full column of biography. This is perhaps comprehensible, since the actor is an Englishman and professes to be a Socialist; but one is scarcely prepared to find *L'Esprit Nouveau*, an aggressively 'high-brow' French magazine devoted to the arts, printing a long and serious critical discussion of the art of 'Charlot,' with casual references to Michael-Angelo, Tintoretto, Rubens, Titian, Haydn, Shakespeare, Molière, Scribe, and Racine. In this article, the author, M. Elie Faure, declares that

> Charlot is the first among all mankind to create a cineplastic drama which is only cineplastic, in which the action does not illustrate a sentimental fiction or any intention to moralize, but makes a monumental whole, projecting from the inner realms of being his personal vision of the object in its visible form and its material and sensible milieu. This is a very great thing, it seems to me, a very great event, analogous to the concentration in themselves of all the colored elements of space by Titian, of all the sonorous elements of duration by Haydn, to create their own soul and carve them before us. . . . Charlot appears to me a poet, even a great poet, a creator of myths, of symbols and ideas, the *accoucheur* of an unknown world.

The *Morning Post*, a highly conservative London daily, — to which a Spanish journalist through an amusing blunder recently referred as 'the Moaning Past,'— looks with scant approval upon the enthusiastic welcome of Mr. Charles Chaplin by his English admirers. In the course of a long editorial, it indulges in this ironic comment:

> Art at last has come into its own. The reception given to 'Doug' and 'Mary' was a sign, and the frenzy with which the arrival of 'Charlie' is being awaited is confirmation. The old King Charles had a head, the new King Charles has two feet. And what feet! He is probably the greatest artist that has ever lived. Look at his bank balance — the simple offerings, the adoring homage of multitudes. Far be it from us to intrude upon the calm and seclusion of a Celtic holiday, but we certainly think that for such an occasion in the history of art the Prime Minister ought to return to London at once. The nation demands it. Mere Cabinet Ministers can be haughtily summoned to Inverness, but 'Charlie' is not a Cabinet Minister. Even Mr. Lloyd George's glamour pales before the glow of the universal idol.

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THE SHYNESS OF KNUT HAMSUN

AN interesting bit of gossip about Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist who became world-famous after the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to him, appears in the *Manchester Guardian*. The novelist is, it seems, the shyest of men, though this is scarcely what one would expect from one who has seen as much 'roughing it' as Hamsun. The writer in the *Guardian* says: —

> Among literary men of the present day the palm for shyness must surely be given to Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian. He has never seen even his publisher, but transacts all his business with him through the mails,

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An American admirer who recently made an attempt to get in touch with him received the reply that his nerves would not stand the ordeal of a visit. A few days before, a French colonel, motoring through the country, had stopped at his door, had bowed seven times, and had said seven words; and the nerve-shattered Hamsun had had to bow seven times and say seven words. It was a terrible experience, from which he took some time to recover. Hamsun lives in isolation on his farm near Grimstad, where he not only writes books but raises stock. He will not have a single animal on his farm die any other than a natural death, and when he sells stock the purchaser has to sign a contract not to kill or hurt them.

The Norwegian writer's shyness, according to this account, at least equals that of Lafcadio Hearn, who is said to have shrunk away from houses, at which he was calling, after having rung the door-bell, unable to endure with equanimity the prospect of his host's appearance.

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'THE TRAMP'S OPERA'

Mr. W. H. Davies, whose *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* some years ago won him a literary reputation which his lyric poetry has since sustained, is completing the libretto of his first attempt at playwriting, *The Tramp's Opera*. It is fairly evident that the 'super-tramp' has had his eye on the success of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, which is still playing in England and will probably run until Christmas.

In one respect Mr. Davies is better qualified to write *The Tramp's Opera* than his predecessor was to write *The Beggar's Opera*, for, while it is not recorded that John Gay was ever a beggar, it is well known that Mr. Davies prepared for his literary career by many years on the road. The dialogue is to be in prose, with many songs scattered through it, and the author's past achievements are fair prophecy that for once stage 'lyrics' will deserve their name.

It is not by any means certain that the new piece will have an early production. Mr. Frederic Austin, who was concerned in Mr. Nigel Playfair's presentation of *The Beggar's Opera*, is writing the music and will probably finish his share of the composition soon after the librettist. When at length *The Beggar's Opera* comes to a close, Mr. Playfair may not feel it advisable to produce another operetta on a similar theme immediately afterwards; but an early performance of the new work is hoped for.

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BERNARD SHAW ON POVERTY

A Sociological Summer School at Herne Bay, England, has given Bernard Shaw — who was a lecturer long before he became a playwright — an opportunity to launch sundry Shavian thunderbolts at various persons and practices of the day. Mr. Shaw lectured on the dictatorship of the proletariat. He did not approve of letting the idle starve, for that led to poverty and bad sanitation. The idle, he thought, should be shot straight away for not paying their debt to nature and to man. He recommended compulsory work for rich and poor.

A rival speaker having ventured to take issue with Mr. Shaw, the dramatist ironically congratulated him on the Lloyd-Georgian eloquence of his catch phrases, which were as moving as they were meaningless. When a heckler asked whether he belonged to the Communist Party, Mr. Shaw retorted that, as a leader of thought, he might more properly claim that the Communist Party belonged to him. In a later lecture on Ireland, he explained that, since Mr. de Valera's head was the same shape as his own, he had high

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hopes that the Irish question might be settled as it ought to be.

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ANOTHER MAX BEERBOHM EXHIBITION

THE second exhibition of Max Beerbohm's caricatures to be held this year took place in the Leicester Galleries last month. The brilliant series of drawings, Rossetti and his Friends, was exhibited for the first time in its entirety. Some had previously been exhibited in 1917, but on account of war conditions few were able to see them.

The series portrays not only Rossetti and the other members of the Brotherhood, but also George Meredith, Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson, Oscar Wilde, Hall Caine, and other literary figures. There are amusing caricatures of Whistler and Carlyle, Rossetti and Ruskin, and of Holman Hunt patronizing Madox Brown.

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CHAINED BOOKS

Two well-preserved examples of the chained book, as it once existed in every library in Christendom, have come into the possession of the London Library. In the days when the scribe was just giving place to the printer, and books were rare and precious objects, it was the custom in most libraries to chain them to the shelves; and books so fastened, which have come down from mediæval days, are still to be seen in Hereford Cathedral and Wimborne Minster. As printing became more common, books grew cheaper and smaller, so that there was no longer need to chain the huge folios of mediæval days to the shelves on which they rested; and the old volumes were in most cases gradually dispersed and destroyed.

Although books with the fastener for the chain attached to their bindings are not uncommon, it is most unusual for chained books to come down to our day with their original chains still attached and in good condition; but both of the new accessions to the London Library have their chains in almost the same condition in which they were affixed, some 440 years ago. A writer in the London *Times* thus describes them:—

> Both volumes are very fine examples of early printing, the larger folio volume being from the Venice press of Leonard Wild of Ratisbon, 1481, and the smaller from the famous press, at Ulm, of Johannes Zainer. The first is the *Summa Theologicæ pars secunda* of Archbishop Antonius (1389–1459), which treats of ethics on a system similar to that of Thomas Aquinas. Antonius was a Dominican, and took an active part in the reformation of his Order; during the pestilence and famine in Florence, in 1448, and the earthquake in 1453, he displayed untiring zeal. His *Summa Theologicæ*, to which he chiefly owes his fame, was a very popular book, and many editions appeared in the fifteenth century. He did not live to see his great book, or indeed any of his numerous works, printed in movable types. The *Summa* was first printed at Nuremberg by Anton Koberger in 1477; and this copy of the 1481 edition is apparently not in the British Museum, nor indeed is this or any other edition of Antonius recorded by the late Robert Proctor in his list of the books from Leonard Wild's Venice press, in the Museum.
>
> The second of the two chained books in the London Library is a fine one of Joannes Gobius, *Scala Cæli*, from the press of J. Zainer at Ulm, 1480. It treats of the various Christian graces which are supposed to form the ladder to heaven. This also appears not to be in the British Museum.
>
> Both books are in the original boards, partly covered with leather, with the original metal bosses to protect the covers from hard usage. From the similarity of the numbers, 34 and 82, on the backs of the bindings, it is evident that they were originally from the same ancient library, possibly that of one 'Matthew Ulman,' who has written his autograph as owner, in a neat Latin inscription, on a fly-leaf of the *Summa Theologicæ*.

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Autumn Publications

—OF—

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

The Great Quest

By CHARLES BOARDMAN HAWES

Mystery, danger, romance, — not one element of the ideal adventure story is lacking in this new book by the author of "The Mutineers." He has made a hobby of the study of old log-books and maritime narratives so that the nautical atmosphere in his books is unusually authentic. The story deals with mad adventures on the West Coast of Africa and is strikingly illustrated by George Varian. $2.00

William Lloyd Garrison

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

This second edition of one of Mr. Chapman's most brilliant and characteristic books is enlarged by a new introduction, relating the significance of Garrison's life and work to the present time. This glowing portrait of one of the great apostles of human freedom is as timely to-day, when material and spiritual realities have resumed their ancient warfare, as it ever was or ever can be. $1.50

Wild Brother:

By WILLIAM LYMAN UNDERWOOD

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